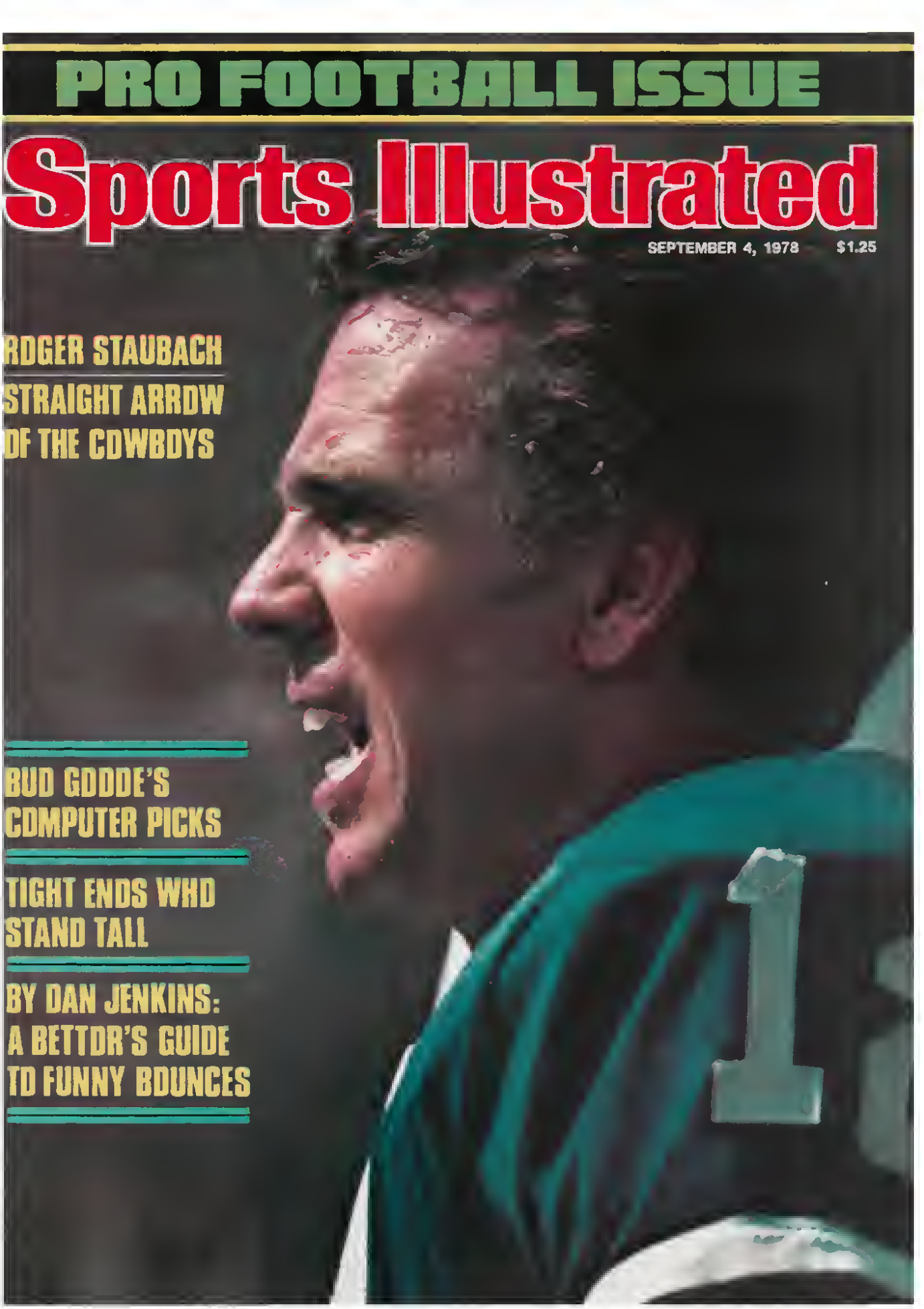
PRO FOOTBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 4, 1978 $1.25



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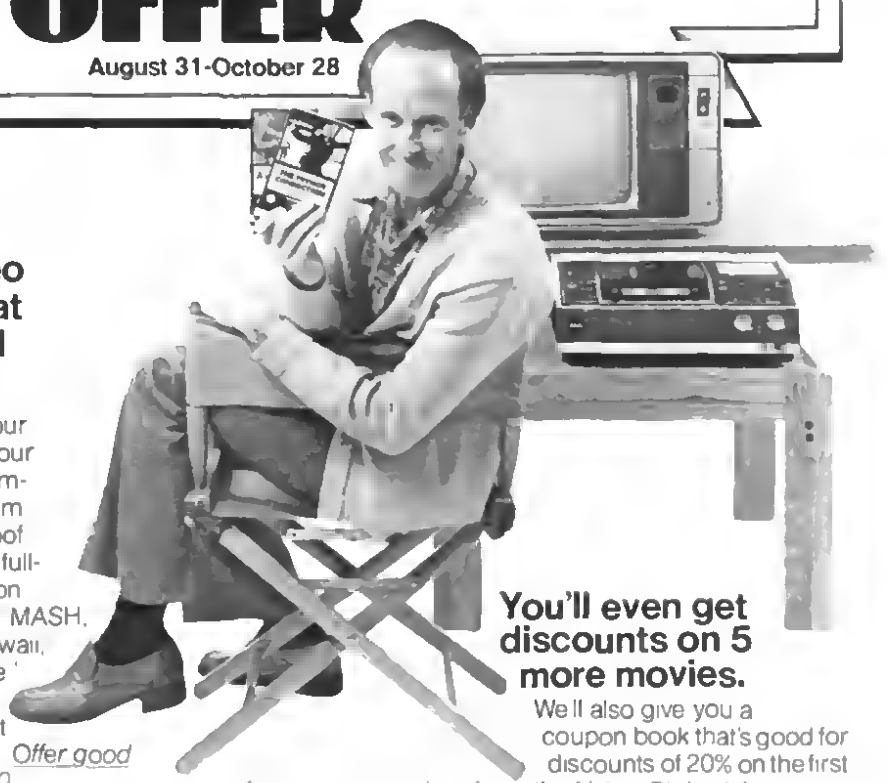
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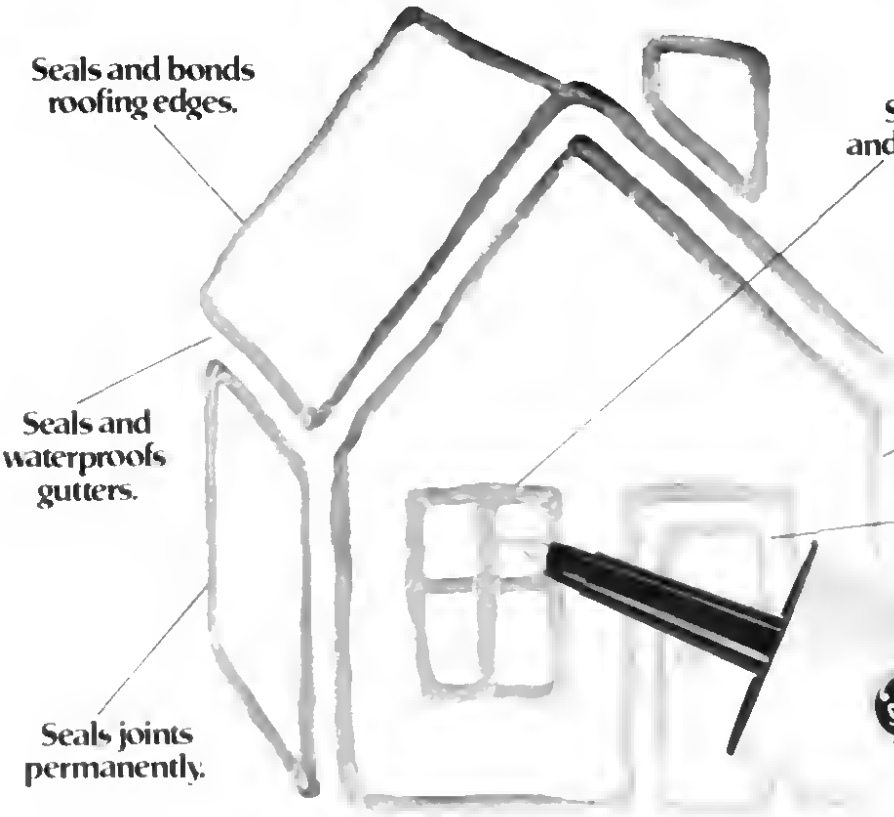
Next Week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL kicks off a new season that will not crown its champion until the last whistle blows on the first night of next year In this special issue our forecasters predict the Top 20 teams, along with the outcome of conference title races, and also tell who's big in the small-college divisions. John Underwood learns the Coach's prescription for the game's headaches, Doug Looney samples Hog Heaven with Coach Lou Holtz at Arkansas and Rick Telander profiles a 'Bama redshirt

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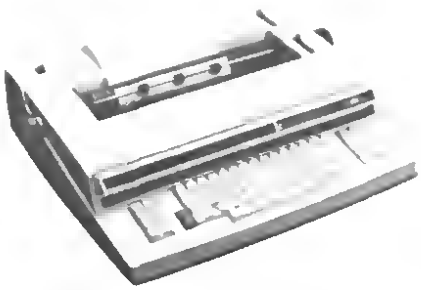
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



GOOD SCOUT MARSHALL, WITH COMPUTER

Years of toting water to Washington Redskin huddles in the late '60s must have helped prepare Staff Writer Joe Marshall for the task of putting together the scouting reports for this, our annual pro football issue, plus the introduction to the 1978 season featuring computer wizard Bud Goode. The reports, beginning on page 48, are the first in years to be written by one man. Actually, Marshall wasn't alone. For weeks his constant companion was an attaché case filled with 10 pounds of Goode's computer readouts and reports on all the NFL teams from our correspondents. The sifting, analyzing and writing jobs done, Marshall said he felt as if he'd been through a week of two-a-days under Vince Lombardi, his boss with the Redskins nine years ago.

Marshall has covered pro football for SI off and on since 1971, the off part being a period in 1975 when he left to serve as vice-president for public relations of the World Football League. The move took him only 19 floors above SI in the Time & Life Building in New York, but Marshall soon discovered that life in the WFL involved more than a change of elevator banks.

"We gave it a good try, but it wasn't a barrel of laughs," says Marshall. "After the first few months, it got increasingly depressing. I still have this giant logo of the WFL which we had made up for news conferences. The only time we got to use it was at the press conference announcing our demise."

Marshall cherishes another souvenir, one that recalls the league's experiment with putting color-coded pants on each player according to position so that fans could better tell who was what. The first trial was set for a game involving the Memphis Southmen, and Marshall has kept a telegram from ex-Southmen Larry Csonka, Paul Warfield and Jim Kiick which says, WILL NOT WEAR CLOWNLIKE PANTS.

His WFL mission over, Marshall returned to SI, and we have been keeping him on the move ever since.

Marshall's association with Goode goes back to 1973 when Goode, a former Hollywood publicist, convinced Marshall that the Miami Dolphins would beat the Minnesota Vikings with ease in Super Bowl VIII.

Goode describes himself as a science and fitness buff. Fifty-five this month, he swims, surfs and runs the 330 intermediate hurdles, despite "two valve jobs" on his heart. He has examined most sports statistically, and his pithiest advice to golfers is, "The money shot is the pitch to the green. If you're going to practice, practice that." And to tennis players, "You should only work on what is already your best stroke." Over the years, Goode's system has become more and more refined and comprehensive, and so time-consuming that he has had to limit himself to pro football. Today, half of the NFL head coaches subscribe to his numbers, and Marshall remains a firm believer. "You know the basic principle of journalism—telling the reader 'who, what, where, when and why'? Well, Bud has found the most objective way I know of giving you the 'why' of pro football."

Peter E. Sutton

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YAROLEY

TWO TENNIS THRILLERS DOUBLE-FAULT. COMING UP SHORT ON COURT AND OFF

The dramatic possibilities of tennis are both enormous and obvious, as any Alfred Hitchcock admirer is well aware. One of Hitchcock's best-known scenes occurs in *Strangers on a Train*, when Farley Granger plays a tense match in which he must race against the clock. That sequence was filmed nearly three decades ago, but it has yet to be surpassed. There have been a number of tennis novels written in recent years—and more, according to the publishers' catalogs, are in sight—but they have been diverting at best and hackneyed at worst.

Two of the latest contributions to the genre are cases in point. *Sudden Death*, by Peter Brennan (Rawson, $9.95), and *Breakpoint*, by William Brinkley (Morrow, $9.95). The books, both of them thrillers, are fun: they involve some interesting characters, they display an impressive inside knowledge of big-time tennis, and they get you pretty excited about the climactic big match. But they are also yawningly predictable in both outcome and construction.

Sudden Death has to do with an aging leonine champion who wants one final victory over a cold-blooded young challenger. *Breakpoint* has to do with an aging, leonine champion who trains his son to defeat the cold-blooded younger challenger who took away his throne. Both aging, leonine champions strikingly resemble Pancho Gonzales, both upstart challengers seem to owe considerable debts to Jimmy Connors. The *roman à clef* is alive and well in Forest Hills, or, Flushing Meadow.

If you would prefer to do your summer reading elsewhere, here's a quick summary of the basic tennis novel, in case the subject comes up between sets. An old vet is pitted against a young Turk. Much time is spent on the practice court, hitting interminable backhands and volleys. Offcourt there is much sex, and a lot of it is kinky. Revenge is the dominant motive. Elaborate psyching goes on, along with subtle and not-so-subtle dirty tricks. And everything leads to center court, match point.

Getting down to specifics, each of these novels has its merits. *Sudden Death* is genuinely gripping, and its aging, leonine hero turns out to be a more complex personality than you might expect. *Breakpoint* in its best moments is really quite funny, and tennis insiders will enjoy some of its private jokes. But when you get down to the last lob, both novels are straight out of a new formula that's already old. END

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SCORECARD

Edited by E M SWIFT

HOPES UP, AND DASHED

The Hopeful at Saratoga is the first major 2-year-old race at a distance as far as 6½ furlongs and is a showcase of potentially classic colts, hence its name. Last year's winner was Affirmed, who edged Alydar. Last Saturday's Hopeful drew seven entrants, none of whom had ever finished out of the money in 26 starts—an extraordinary record. The favorites were General Assembly, the best son of Secretariat yet; Tim the Tiger, unbeaten in four starts and winner of Monmouth Park's recent $100,000 Sapling Stakes; and Jose Binn, a $14,000 buy who had earned $161,317 by winning three of five races, including the Arlington-Washington Futurity.

At 11 a.m. on race day, Tim the Tiger suffered a minor leg cut in his stall and was scratched. Tim the Tiger had been in the sixth post position next to General Assembly, so Jose Binn moved over from the No. 7 post to fill the empty spot. When the gate opened, Jose Binn broke inward slightly, and General Assembly bobbled. General Assembly's front hooves dug into Jose Binn's rear legs, and Jose Binn had to be pulled up by Jockey Angel Cordero.

General Assembly recovered and went on to win impressively over his remaining opposition by 6¾ lengths for his third straight victory. Jose Binn had to be removed from the track in a horse ambulance and will never race again, though he may be saved and eventually be able to stand as a stallion.

Moreton Binn, owner of Jose Binn, nearly scratched his horse just before the race because his wife had a premonition that something would go wrong. He said, "I'm so sick over this thing I barely know where I am. She kept telling me to take him out, that something was going to happen. Cordero was convinced that Jose Binn was going to be his Triple Crown horse for 1979."

General Assembly, of course, is now on his way to becoming a major racing attraction, both because he looks so much like his popular sire and because he is undefeated. His next start will be in the Cowdin at Belmont on Sept. 27, and then probably the Champagne Stakes on Oct. 8. His trainer, LeRoy Jolley, said, "We've gone slowly with General Assembly and we have no plans to rush him. Both Secretariat and General Assembly won their first stakes late—in August at Saratoga."

Both late, both great?

BLUE MEN IN BLUE

When the presidents of the American and National Leagues last week asked for and got a temporary restraining order directing striking umpires back to work after a one-day walkout—the second in the history of major league baseball—the owners, who have criticized players for putting the game into the courts, did just that. In rejecting the Umpires Association's request to discuss the terms of their March 1977 agreement, AL President Lee MacPhail and NL President Chub Feeney said, "The agreement is complete, and there is no obligation to negotiate changes or additions."

"It was signed in March, all right," said Bob Engel, president of the Umpires Association. "By our lawyer at that time. I tried all year to get a copy of it. I kept asking him, 'When are we going to see this document?' When we finally saw it this spring, it wasn't what we had agreed to. Always before, we all sat down around a table, talked, read the agreement and signed it. Nobody signed this except that lawyer. I don't even know if he had the right to sign. We're umpires, not lawyers. I would think that the leagues would respect us enough to listen to us."

IS SUMO SEXIST?

Ancient Japanese sport of sumo wrestling is under attack from honorable director of Japan's Women and Minors Bureau, Ms. Mayumi Moriyama. As reported by Tokyo's *Mainichi Daily News*, 10-year-old Mei Kurihara was barred from the final round of a children's sumo tournament in Tokyo after she had won an elimination round. Mei is a girl. Ms. Moriyama contended that the directors of the Japan Sumo Association barred Mei on the basis of the feudal sumo ethic, which regards women as "impure."

The directors said, "Sumo is a traditional sport, and we don't want to see a woman clad only in a Mawashi loincloth enter the ring before the public."

THEY'RE OFF AND CRAWLING

"There is a worm with backbone!" That was the reaction when Herman came from far off the pace to inch out a field that included Seattle Slew, Starworm, Luke Skyworm and Swifty in the second annual International Worm Races in McLean, Va. According to *The Washington Post*, the contestants were put into three groups: the fuzzies, the slimys and the centipedes. A circle was marked on the ground for each of the categories, and the first to creep outside was the winner.

The young owner-trainers were a bit ambivalent about their entries. Seven-



year-old Allison Gregg, referring to Swifty, a slimy earthworm, said, "If he loses, I'm going to step on him." Thirteen-year-old John Shope, who found his inchworm on the roadside the day before the contest, said, "If he wins, I'll put him out to stud." One trainer had been grooming two caterpillars, but two weeks before the event they turned into butterflies and flew the coop.

By midafternoon the winners were crowned. Sammy breezed to victory in the fuzzy category in 15 seconds. The centipede title was captured by Millipedus Maximus, who blazed across the line in six seconds flat, while Herman slinked

continued

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to glory in the slimy group with a time of 16.9 seconds.

Poor Swifty! "The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!"—*Shakespeare.*

ARBITRATION ABERRATION

The National Hockey League suffered another severe setback last week when its shortsighted leadership idly watched as 21-year-old Dale McCourt, the first player selected in the 1977 draft and a budding superstar, was removed by arbitration from the Detroit Red Wings—whose teetering franchise he helped save.

It went like this: Red Wing General Manager Ted Lindsay, who has been instrumental in the club's rejuvenation, signed free-agent Goaltender Rogatien Vachon away from the Los Angeles Kings. Under league rules the Red Wings had to compensate the Kings with one or more players. When the two clubs could not get together on what was fair, an arbitrator was brought in, Judge Edward Houston, a former minor league hockey official who knows the game and its players.

Vachon is one of the two or three best goaltenders in the league. He is about to turn 33 but has several more good years ahead of him. Lindsay reportedly signed him to a $1.5 million, five-year contract. In return, the Red Wings offered their own starting goalie, Jim Rutherford—a fine player—and Left Wing Bill Lochead, another regular. The Kings insisted on McCourt, the Wings' leading scorer last season with 33 goals and 39 assists.

Judge Houston ruled in favor of Los Angeles, giving them McCourt as compensation, which crippled the youth movement of the Red Wings. A shocked Lindsay said, "This is the steal of the century. If Dale decides to go, he'll haunt me for 15 years. He's the equivalent of Guy Lafleur now and he'll rewrite the record books. Compensation is not supposed to be punishment to the acquiring team. This is punishment. It's a thrashing every day for the rest of your life."

It is also punishment for Red Wing fans and for McCourt, who loves Detroit and says he may fight the ruling with a lawsuit against the league, the Red Wings and the Kings. (Lindsay says it is the first time in his life he will be happy to be sued.) The whole thing may wind up in the courts for an entire season, cheating McCourt of a year's play.

Obviously none of this is good for the game, which is why NHL President John Ziegler should have stepped in and nixed the Wings' original deal with Vachon when it became apparent that the Kings' demands might be met. Detroit is one of the few American cities where NHL attendance was on the rise. McCourt's departure may change that.

POPULO GRATIA

If baseball attendance in Boston reaches 2.3 million this season, as Red Sox ticket manager Arthur Moscato predicts, Fenway Park will have been utilized to an astonishing 85% of capacity for the 81-game home schedule, far and away the highest percentage in the history of the major leagues. (If the Dodgers draw 3 million this season, for example, they will have achieved 66% of capacity.) Fenway, which John Updike once called that "lyric little bandbox of a ball park," seats only 33,502. To draw 2.3 million, the club will have to average 28,395, which they are very nearly doing. As the stretch drive reaches its peak, the club anticipates sellouts for nearly every game. What makes Boston's attendance figures all the more remarkable is that the club televises more than half its home games.

Moscato, who has been in the Red Sox' ticket office 33 years, remembers when times were quite different and they had to struggle to draw 700,000. Things changed with the Impossible Dream pennant of 1967, the year Carl Yastrzemski won the Triple Crown. "When we drew more than 1.9 million in 1968, I thought we had reached the ultimate. I never believed we could draw 2 million in this little ball park. But we did last year, and we'll better that this year."

Support for the team comes from all levels. Humberto Cardinal Madeiros of Boston was at the Vatican last week participating in the selection of the new Pope. Coming from an important meeting, Cardinal Madeiros asked a fellow prelate, "How did the Boston Red Sox make out today?"

"They won, Your Eminence."

"*Deo Gratias!*"

BALLOON EXPANSION

The voyage of the helium-filled *Double Eagle II* across the Atlantic has attracted new attention to the entire field of ballooning, which for the past several years has been experiencing a boom. Fifteen years ago there were only a handful of hot-air balloons in the world; today there are more than 1,200 in the U.S. alone, plus a number of the long-distance helium ones. That represents about 70% of the world total.

One offshoot of the sport's popularity is the formation of a professional balloon-racing circuit, the brainchild of Bob Waligunda, president of Sky Promotions of Princeton, N.J., which has handled hot-air balloons since 1965. According to Waligunda, next year there will be a 12-race circuit, followed by a national championship. Depending on the local topography, the balloons will race in one of three ways: for distance; spot landing for accuracy; or via the hound-and-hare technique, in which a lead balloon is followed by the pack, the winner being the balloon that lands closest to the hare. The good news is that spectating is free; the bad news is that someday you may crumple a fender on the New Jersey Turnpike when a balloon race passes distractingly overhead.

The fate of the circuit hinges on the sponsors Waligunda can find. Only this week he talked to Canada Dry about sponsoring a "hare" balloon that would be shaped like a bottle of ginger ale. And prospects look good. Balloons cost less than $15,000 and, in effect, can be floating billboards seven stories high, attracting starry-eyed gazes. "Only 1% of the people in the country have ever *seen* a balloon," Waligunda says.

One would think Rise Shaving Cream could hardly resist. Or Seven-Up, racing out of Chute No. 7. And A&W could decorate theirs like a root-beer float. Gerald Ford might launch his racing balloon in time for the 1980 campaign, adorned with his famous WIN logo—Whip Inflation Now. But then, politicians won't need any prodding to jump on the bandwagon; they've been soaring through campaigns on hot air for centuries.

THEY SAID IT

- Lee Corso, Indiana football coach, after his fifth appearance at the Big Ten kickoff luncheon: "I think I've finally arrived. For the first time in five years Woody didn't call me Lou."
- Rodney Dangerfield, comedian: "I went to a fight the other night and a hockey game broke out."
- Mike Sadek, San Francisco Giants reserve catcher, on Mike Ivie's two grand-slam pinch-hit homers this season: "Why doesn't anyone give me credit? I'm the guy he pinch-hit for both times." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 4, 1978

TWO IN A ROW FOR THE COSMOS

Rich and ready, the Cosmos won their second consecutive Soccer Bowl from a Tampa Bay team that sorely missed its big star **by CLIVE GAMMON**

The game promised exactly the right sort of zest. Tampa Bay vs the Cosmos in Soccer Bowl-78, a renewal of the oldest, most genuine rivalry in the young North American Soccer League. Against the New York-based team, supported by seemingly unlimited financial resources, came the Rowdies from Florida, poor by comparison but equally proud. Previous matches between the two sometimes had seemed as much vendetta as soccer. And what a Soccer Bowl record crowd of 74,901 fans turned out to watch in Giants Stadium outside New York last Sunday was indeed a rock-'em, sock-'em game. The Cosmos won it handily, 3–1, but the victory was flawed, as we shall see.

Until a year ago last June, the Cosmos-Tampa Bay rivalry was confined to the soccer field. For the past 14 months, though, it had seethed like a witch's cauldron. At the root of it all was Cosmos Coach Eddie Firmani's inability to get on with star Rowdies Forward Rodney Marsh when Firmani was coach of Tampa Bay—and vice versa. "Him or me."

continued



Hunt, hero of the 1977 championship, hurdles Augusta. This year he had six shots on goal, the most on his team, and an assist.



Firmani had finally said to the Tampa Bay management. It was a rash ultimatum, and finally it was Firmani who went. In a reprehensibly sneaky fashion, claimed Tampa Bay fans, when they saw what happened next.

Scarcely two weeks after leaving the Rowdies and declaring he would take a few months off to decide his future, Firmani was announced as the new coach of the Cosmos. After his arrival last summer, the Cosmos went on to win the playoffs and the Soccer Bowl. The Rowdies crumbled. Last week, though more than a year had gone by, there was still bitterness. Rowdies owner George Strawbridge had demanded compensation for the loss of Firmani. The Cosmos had conceded their share of receipts from a Rowdies-Cosmos game—$125,000. Moreover, it is strongly rumored that between seasons the two teams were placed in different conferences of the league so that a game like Sunday's could become a lucrative possibility. Under the arrangement, Tampa clearly stood a better chance of winning through to the finals.

As late as Saturday morning, dressed for practice as he was, Marsh looked ready to assume his customary starring role for the underdog Rowdies, even though he seemed more anxious to talk about the new home he had just bought in Florida than the way the championship game might go. Nor did Firmani have any doubts that Marsh would play. "The biggest threat," he called him. And nobody could really dispute that. Marsh, of uncertain temperament but capable of winning a game on his own when in the right mood, had scored 21 goals in 1978, including the playoffs. It was Marsh's shootout goal that decided the American Conference championship game and put the Rowdies into the Soccer Bowl.

But then—and there had been no hint of it until a couple of hours before Sunday's contest—it developed that Marsh would not tread the AstroTurf after all. In last Wednesday's conference championship game against Fort Lauderdale, he had clashed heavily with the Strikers' Maurice Whittle. "He came in high and late," said Marsh. Whatever happened, Marsh's shin was spiked. The gashes became infected. Sunday morning his right leg was badly swollen. "If I were 80% fit I would play," he said, "but I can't even run half speed. After the season I've had it is sickening."

So the prospects, which had seemed somewhat out of balance even with Marsh fit, took a further swing in the Cosmos' favor. At Saturday's practice, even though he could have had no knowledge of Marsh's injury, Firmani had been unusually chipper and ebullient, hailing a friend 50 yards away with a shouted, "How's the pizza parlor?" indulging himself in the occasional "bleddy" (which is South African for "bloody"), reassuring a reporter who didn't care for the way Cosmos Midfielder Vladislav Bogicevic was moving after a shoulder bump he had taken the previous Wednesday. "That's the way he always walks," Firmani said, grinning.

And he was certainly in a sunnier mood than he had been less than two weeks earlier after the Cosmos' Aug. 14 debacle against the Minnesota Kicks, who had driven in nine goals against them. A 9–2 score occurs rarely in professional soccer. A defeat of that magnitude is normally reserved only for doomed teams on their way out of the league.

"They lost discipline," Firmani said. "They had done the same thing before once or twice, but they managed to get away with it."

Since that time, though, the Cosmos had atoned somewhat. They retrieved the Minnesota defeat with a skin-of-their-teeth victory in the shootout of the return game. There was a creditable 1–0 win over Portland in Oregon in the first game of the conference final, and they routed the Timbers 5–0 in the return match.

Tampa Bay, meantime, had also made rather ragged progress to Giants Stadium. Fort Lauderdale, which started the playoff as a wild-card team and proceeded to eliminate favored New England and Detroit, ran the Rowdies very close—



Chinaglia who headed in goal No. 2 for the Cosmos, rumbles past Rowdies Midfielder Peddon

right to that Rodney Marsh goal that earned them the trip to Giants Stadium.

Sunday brought out that huge home crowd, which had become sophisticated enough to rain down Argentinian World-Cup-final-style confetti showers and had learned a deep-throated howl of *Cosmos! Cosmos!* that would not be out of place in Liverpool or Munich. And the sheer weight of talent, even though it had shown itself vulnerable, could hardly fail a second time in two weeks, even though Firmani himself declared, "We could be our own biggest threat."

Inevitably, the Tampa battle plan had to be the same as that of all the teams that come to Giants Stadium, where the Cosmos are 30–4 over the past two years: to attack all out from the start and hope for an early goal that would put the Cosmos off balance. Without Marsh, though, the Tampa attack was already blunted. In his stead the Rowdies played David Robb, a red-headed Scot with a reputation for aggressiveness.

The early exchanges were even. Once Carlos Alberto, the Cosmos' veteran Brazilian defender, made a fine solo run and shot just wide. And once Bogicevic, passing back somewhat casually to his own goalkeeper from a Tampa corner, almost opened the way for a Rowdies' score. The Tampa Bay midfielders, pivoting on Graham Paddon, were pressing, running harder for the ball than the Cosmos, intercepting ill-judged passes. But it was the Cosmos who produced the first moment of serious menace when Dennis Tueart got loose on the left wing and fired in a shot that Winston Dubose, the excellent young Floridian goalie, just got a hand to.

As he would right through the game, Tueart was getting some robust treatment from Rowdies Defender Arsene Auguste. Tueart was body-checked, tripped and just plain obstructed more times than the referee whistled. Once he just sat on the grass in mute appeal. Auguste finally got a yellow caution card, but for a time he was allowed to damp down Tueart's skills in most of the illegal ways there are.

Meantime, the other elements in the Cosmos attack were also being contained. Mike Connell, Tampa Bay's other South African, was doing a notable policing job on Forward Giorgio Chinaglia, and Steve Hunt was pushed out of his normally composed game. The Cosmos began to look ragged. At one point Chinaglia shouted angrily at Vito Dimitrijevic over a misplaced pass. Alberto, normally the calmest of players, got a yellow card for arguing with the referee. With 20 minutes left in the half Steve Wegerle let go a shot that barely missed.

But that was Tampa's last chance before the Cosmos slammed in the first nail. Instrumental in the goal was a player who was not associated with the dreadful defeat in Minnesota. Robert Iarusci came to the Cosmos from Toronto last year for the un-Cosmoslike sum of $25,000. Last season he played in only one game. This season, until the Minnesota debacle, he had started in 16. But in the last three playoff games he had been on the field every minute, showing himself adept at meshing in with Alberto. "He directs me, and I hope I am an intelligent enough player to follow his directions," he said before the Soccer Bowl.

With 15 minutes left in the first half, Iarusci broke clear of the Cosmos defense zone, cut through the middle and got the ball to Hunt. Tueart timed Hunt's crossed ball perfectly—and the Cosmos were a goal up. In turn the Rowdies' battle plan was in disarray. They were getting opportunities to score, but there was no Marsh there to work the final magic. After that first Cosmos goal something of the early eagerness seemed to go out of them. And when they did get into the Cosmos' penalty area, they overelaborated, as if reluctant to take the responsibility of a shot. Marsh might well have cut through all that rubbish.

And indeed it seemed the end when, for once escaping Mike Connell's attentions, Chinaglia alertly headed in a Steve Hunt rebound that Connell could only deflect into the net. That was just before halftime. A deluge seemed likely.

Now the only chance Tampa Bay had was to throw everything into the attack, leaving its defense zone thin. That this was its plan became clear as it replaced a defender and a midfielder with two forwards. With 17 minutes left, Paddon had the best chance of the match thus far for Tampa Bay, but he fired over the bar. And then, a moment later, the tactics seemed to have paid off and Tampa Bay was back in the game. A low shot from the big Brazilian Mirandinha made the score a retrievable 2–1.

But the reprieve lasted only three minutes. Then Tueart, cutting in from the left, with the Tampa defense standing still and appealing for an offside call, made the score 3–1 and victory for Tampa Bay unattainable.

"They just had too much for us," Tampa Bay Coach Gordon Jago said tiredly. Without Rodney Marsh, that was certainly true. **END**



Tueart, named offensive player of the game, exults after sealing the win with a third Cosmos goal

A DUTCH TREAT FOR MARIO

By roaring off with the Grand Prix at Zandvoort, America's Andretti wheeled closer to an elusive goal: a world title

by ROBERT F. JONES





This has been a vintage year in Formula I auto racing, with suspense building steadily through the season, as it should, unlike those years in which one driver pounces on the lead and runs it out of sight. When the competitors gathered in Zandvoort last week for the Dutch Grand Prix, the old champ, a couple of old lions and a hungry teammate were tuning up once more for a tear at the current leader, America's Mario Andretti, who might well have been out of sight himself but for his endearing habit of breaking a car here, crashing one there.

Andretti, originally of Trieste, now of Nazareth, Pa. and of Indy and Daytona and Watkins Glen and you name it, is the consummate American racer in any four-wheeled category. He came to the dunes of Holland with a nine-point lead and only four races to go. It also helped a bit that he had (under hand and foot) a vehicle that former world champion Jackie Stewart calls "overwhelmingly superior to any car in Grand Prix history," the Lotus 79, built by the estimable Colin Chapman.

Even before Zandvoort, Mario's 54 points—won through five victories, a second place and a fourth—seemed to give him something of a lock on the title. But anything goes in this demanding sport, and it can go the worst in years when someone apparently has a lock

After leading from start to finish, Mario stayed cool about the title. "Three more to go," he said



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

Four drivers could still be considered challengers to Andretti as the Dutch Grand Prix approached. Argentina's Carlos Reutemann, the top man for Ferrari, had won three Grand Prix—in Brazil, England and at Long Beach. Added to a third place in Belgium, that gave him 31 points to Mario's 54. Niki Lauda, the defending champion who jumped from Ferrari to Brabham for this year's racing, had the same total with a multitude of high finishes but only a single win, in Sweden. Patrick Depailler, the efficient Frenchman who replaced Jackie Stewart on Team Tyrrell after the Scot's retirement, had won in Monaco and had piled up points in five other races to reach Holland with 32.

Far and away the strongest threat to Andretti, however, came from his own teammate, Ronnie Peterson of Sweden. Peterson had a total of 45 points, and two Grand Prix victories accounted for 18 of them. Hoo boy, look out, the smart money said. Peterson, the dough-faced but devastating Swede, has long been rated as the quickest driver on the G P circuit when he is in top form. Now 34 years old, he has competed for many marques through 109 races, winning 10 of them. Andretti, who is 38, has won 11, but, by contrast, he came to Grand Prix racing only recently from the oval courses of the U.S.

With four races to go—in Holland, Italy, at Watkins Glen and the Canadian at Montreal—Mario would only have to slip up slightly for Peterson to edge him out. Indeed, any of the three other contenders could also win if the Lotus cars went sour. After the nine points for a win, the next five places are scored six, four, three, two, one.

But in Holland the first concern for all was qualifying. Zandvoort, on the North Sea coast of Amsterdam, is one of the most changeable courses on the circuit. Stiff and variable winds whip in from the sea, blowing sand onto the narrow, hilly course under the dunes. Winter and summer alternate almost by the hour. The road is a difficult one on which to pass, so winning the pole is an important consideration. Andretti knew he had to win it or play catch-up behind Peterson.

Running a brand-new Lotus 79 (he had lost his earlier model two weeks before at Zeltweg in Austria in what he admitted was a reckless dash for the lead on the first lap), he went out on the first day of qualifying and in the late afternoon achieved the quickest time of the lot by a scant hundredth of a second. "The wind changed three times yesterday," he said. "On this track, what you really need is a magical switch to change your gear ratios every lap. If you're set up wrong in top gear, a mere 400 revs can cost you 40 miles an hour on the straight."

The final day of qualifying saw the Lotus team work its own magic, sans switches. Andretti turned a "banzai lap" at 124 mph, with Peterson close behind. Since Peterson is contractually the No. 2 driver on the team, it put Andretti in excellent position for a win.

And win he did. Sunday broke cold and windy, and rain had fallen in nearby Amsterdam. Jackie Stewart, wearing a trenchcoat and looking like a sawed-off James Bond in need of a haircut, eyed the skies. "There'll be no rain," Stewart said. "The wind is oot o' the west now." Jackie ought to know and, as it turned out, he was right.

It was particularly right for Andretti, whose hard-charging style is not suited to driving in the wet. Half an hour after Stewart's weather forecast, the skies were as bright as a Dutchman's britches. When the green flag waved, Andretti leaped into the lead. Peterson stayed dutifully on his tail wing—to the chagrin of those cynics who had predicted that he would go for the big money, never mind the team. Then came the mishap that allowed the Lotuses to roar more securely ahead. Didier Pironi, driving a Tyrrell, tangled with a lesser machine on the first lap. The wreckage sat in the middle of the track for three more laps while Andretti and Peterson were saving their hardware and cementing their lead.

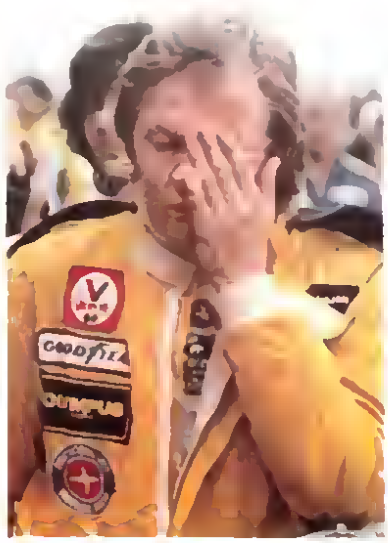
Reutemann threatened them in the early going, unfortunately, his tires began to overcook, his handling deteriorated and he dropped back out of contention. But Lauda was now coming on in the new Brabham. Andretti had built a solid lead, running it to more than eight seconds at the quarter point, when Lauda began to run. He closed to within nearly one second, inching closer and closer to Peterson's tail pipes. But it was not to be: the car was not up to the driver. Lauda finished third, still a distant contender for the title.

Depailler had tangled with another car on the 13th lap and was now definitely out of the championship race. Andretti's only remaining threat was, again, Peterson. But Ronnie played the game, guarding Andretti to the end—even darting into the righthand lane at the checkered flag to prevent any sudden spurt from a vengeful member of the rear guard.

As the two Lotuses blurred past Chapman, he hurled his corduroy cap into the air and grinned, then laughed openly. But Mario stayed calm. "Everything ran well," he said.

And what of his now well-advanced chances to become the 1978 world driving champion—the first from America since Phil Hill in 1961?

"Three more to go," he said. END

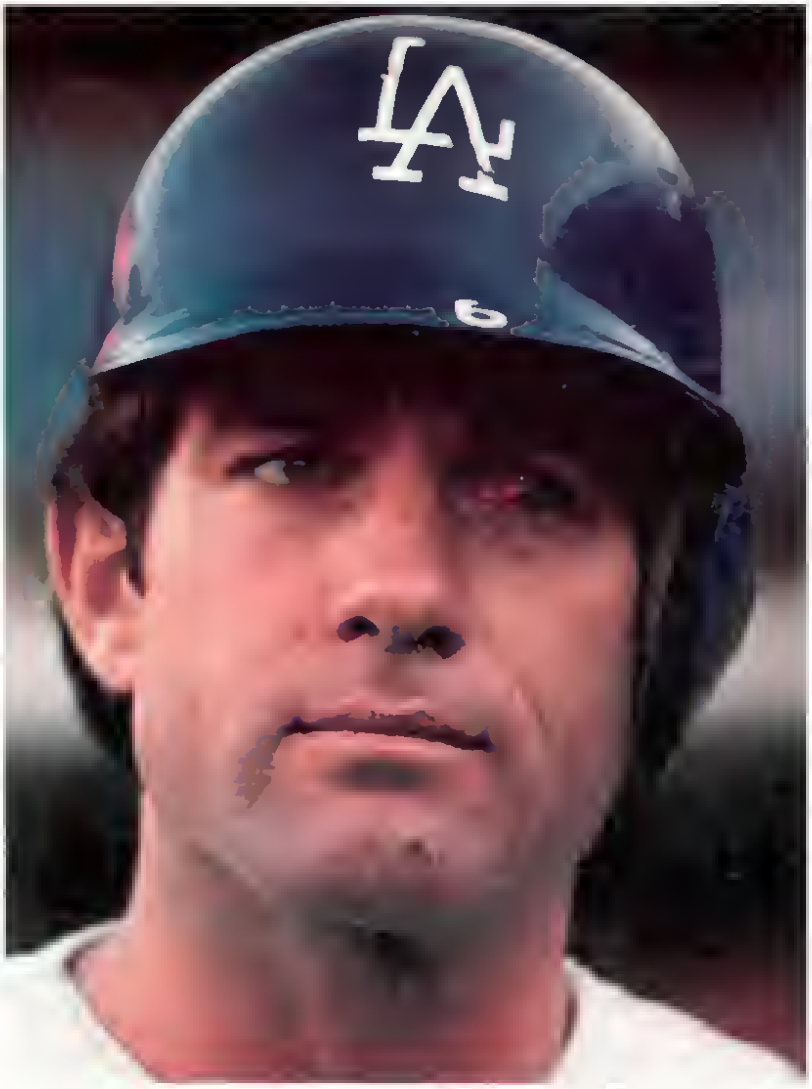


Dutiful teammate Peterson played defense

BLOOD ON THE DODGER BLUE

Division leaders they might be, but both the Dodgers and Phillies were in misery, especially that "happy family" in L.A.

by RON FIMRITE



Garvey's left eye was a reminder of the battle but it didn't hamper his hitting, which was steady

The rich and powerful Dodgers and Phillies, runaway champions of their National League divisions a year ago, were front-runners again last week—but they were having trouble running away from anyone. In fact, they couldn't even escape their own problems.

Supposedly these are teams that not only have fame and fortune but contentment as well. Were not the Phillies pioneers in the use of Transcendental Meditation as a means of achieving Nirvana in the clubhouse? And are not the Dodgers the original happiness boys of baseball, watched over by a personal Deity and led into combat by a thinker so positive as to make Dr. Pangloss and Norman Vincent Peale seem positively Kierkegaardian?

Well, these two aristocrats of the National League seemed more like poor little rich boys last week as they transformed Los Angeles' Chavez Ravine into a slough of despair. The Phillies, who are merely muddling through in the NL East, are in trouble with their increasingly frustrated fans and they are warring openly with their increasingly critical press. The Dodgers, fairly bursting with camaraderie on the surface, revealed in a single ugly incident that underneath they are about as close to being one big happy family as the Yankees of Billy Martin. Nevertheless in four games in Dodger Stadium, which they split, the combatants proved themselves to be seasoned professionals who can play with pain—physical and emotional.

Any series that begins with a tearful press conference has to be a downer. Two hours before Thursday's opening game, Dodger Pitcher Don Sutton stood damp-eyed before radio and television microphones in the clubhouse to apologize for his part in a furious eye-gouging wrestling match with teammate Steve Garvey the Sunday before. He did not necessarily apologize to Garvey, to whom he was still not speaking, but to God, the Dodgers and his own affronted sense of right and wrong.

"For the last few days," Sutton began, "I have thought of nothing else and I've tried over and over to figure out why this all had to happen. The only possible reason I can find is that my life isn't being lived according to what I know, as a human being and a Christian, to be right. If it were, then there would not have been an article in which I would offend any of my teammates."

The article to which Sutton referred appeared originally in *The Washington Post* and was excerpted in the *Los Angeles Times*. In it, Sutton was quoted—accurately, he acknowledges—as comparing Garvey unfavorably with another teammate, Reggie Smith, not only as a player but as a person. "All you hear

about on our team is Steve Garvey, the All-American boy," Sutton told the *Post* reporter, Tom Boswell. "Well, the best player on this team for the last two years—and we all know it—is Reggie Smith... Reggie doesn't go out and publicize himself. He doesn't smile at the right people or say the right things.... Reggie's not a facade or a Madison Avenue image. He's a real person."

Garvey, usually unflappable, was understandably miffed, and when he approached Sutton about the story before a Sunday game in New York, an argument ensued in which Garvey's wife Cyndy was apparently ungallantly mentioned. In a trice, the two men—both intelligent, both usually mature—were tangling on the clubhouse floor like youngsters on a playground. According to one eyewitness, it took teammates and a team official a full two minutes to separate them. Fortunately, neither was seriously injured. Both had facial scratches and bruises, and Garvey had a bloodshot eye where a Sutton finger or thumb had been inserted.

Smith, the inadvertent man in the middle, has been especially embarrassed. "I want to let Don and Garv know I haven't taken sides," he said. "I just hope they can become friends again." As of last week, that seemed improbable.

The Phillies' basic problem is that they are not playing up to their capabilities, an oversight recognized both by their volatile fans, who boo them mercilessly, and by the press, which gives them unfavorable notices. Chafing under criticism, Shortstop Larry Bowa reportedly threatened and then took a swing at one reporter. Since that unseemly episode, an uneasy truce has existed between press and players, a truce that Relief Pitcher Tug McGraw, for one, finds awkward. Tug writes a weekly column, "Tug's Locker," which appears in 23 papers in the Delaware Valley. He found himself under fire when he wrote that the designated-hitter system used in the American League might work for the Phils since it would permit both Greg (The Bull) Luzinski, the power hitter who fields poorly, and Jerry Martin, a skilled outfielder and good hitter, to be in the lineup on the same day. "Some people seemed to think I was ripping the Bull," McGraw said.

The anxious Phillies—afflicted with the season-long slumps of star hitters Luzinski (28 home runs but only a .266 batting average), Mike Schmidt (.249 and 16 homers), Garry Maddox (.271) and Bake McBride (.277)—quickly blew early leads to the anguished Dodgers in the Thursday and Friday games. On Thursday, pinch hitter Manny Mota drove home the winning run in the eighth inning of a 5–4 game by bouncing a single off Schmidt's leg at third base. Normally one of the finest at his position, Schmidt had a dreadful night on the Dodger Stadium infield. In addition to the Mota blow, he dropped a Garvey bouncer in the first for an error and was handcuffed by a hard drive by Dusty Baker in the third that was originally scored as an error, then changed to a double.

On Friday Sutton pitched and, ironically, the first ball hit was to Garvey, who flipped to Sutton for the out. Sutton went eight innings, leaving a 5–4 loser but getting off the hook when the Dodgers scored two in the last of the ninth. Garvey, who hit .250 for the week, helped bail Sutton out with a home run and three runs batted in.

The Dodgers, who had whipped the Phils seven straight times to that point, finally ran out of Garrison finishes on Saturday night, when, before 50,194, they lost 3–1 to Randy Lerch, a stringy, bearded lefthander, who held them to four hits. The win, said Lerch, was "the high point of my career, the biggest game I've ever pitched, no doubt about it." It was big, for it at least temporarily halted the Dodgers' strange dominance and it kept the Cubs, winners earlier in the day over the Reds, 2½ games out of first. The loss was significant for the Dodgers, too. The Giants, who defeated the Expos 4–1 that afternoon, moved back again to within a game of the lead they relinquished only the previous week. Sunday the Phillies won in a breeze, 9–2, looking better than they have in weeks, while the Dodgers could only be thankful the Giants had split a doubleheader and were still a half game behind.

The four-game series drew 188,871 and brought the Dodgers' season attendance to 2,600,169 for 61 home dates. It seems certain now that, given the close pennant race, they will draw the three million spectators they missed by only 44,913 last year—the equivalent, by Dodger standards, of a good Thursday night crowd. The Phillies, who have attracted 2,186,163 in 64 dates, are not exactly repelling their sometimes acerbic audience.

"This has been a strange summer," said columnist-reliever McGraw. "The fans in Philadelphia haven't had a pennant winner since 1950. They expect a lot from us after what we've done the past two years and they've gotten frustrated. We *know* we should be playing better. Hopefully, we'll win it this time and then look back on a strange summer as an exciting summer."

Stranger things have happened. **END**

Shortly before the Phillie series, Sutton made a tearful apology to virtually everyone but Garvey



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MACKSON



UNCLE SAM'S GIRLS PLAY IT AGAIN

The U.S. is back on top in woman's swimming, Tracy Caulkins leading the way at Barlin's world championships

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Fifteen-year-old Tracy Caulkins was walking beneath the bleachers of West Berlin's Olympic pool when she noticed East German backstroker Birgit Treiber sitting alone, sobbing. Caulkins was not surprised. Competing earlier that evening in the World Aquatic Championships, the slender Nashville schoolgirl had swum a torrid breaststroke leg on a U.S. 400-meter medley relay team that had defeated Treiber and three other East German women. Then Caulkins had listened incredulously as a reporter asked Treiber why she had done so poorly. "The guy really put her down," said Caulkins. "I felt sorry for her."

Although Caulkins sounded compassionate, neither she nor her U.S. teammates did much to ease the great pain that Treiber and other GDR women were unexpectedly feeling at the championships, a 10-day extravaganza that also included competition in diving, water polo and synchronized swimming. East Germany's women had dominated swimming in recent years, and coming into this meet there was scant reason to think things would be dramatically different. After all, these were the Flying Fräuleins—as the European papers insisted on calling them—who had won 11 of 13 gold medals at Montreal. Nor had they given any signs of faltering. To the contrary, they broke four world records at their national meet in early July.

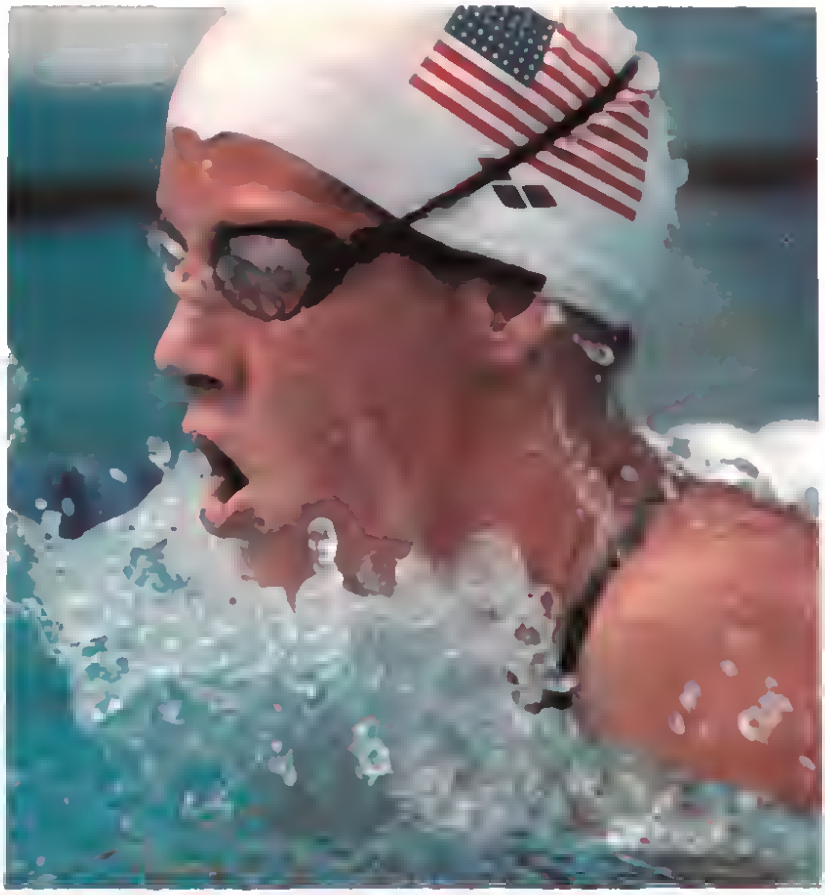
No wonder there was shocked surprise, then, when the Americans started beating the East Germans in West Berlin. Until recently U.S. women's swimming was in worse shape than the dollar, but that was before Caulkins came along. Stepping up the tempo in West Berlin, she and a strong supporting cast turned in awesome swims night after night, startling themselves almost as much as they did the East Germans. With only Monday night's events remaining, the American women had won nine of 12 events and accounted for six of 13 world records broken or tied. Meanwhile, the GDR women, astonishingly enough, were still looking for their first win.

Caulkins, who was entered in seven events and who brought to the busy program a sense of mission belying her tender years, gave the East Germans fits. "I feel responsibility for how we do here," she said on arrival in West Berlin. "I know the other girls are counting on me for good performances."

Caulkins began discharging her responsibility in the 200-meter individual medley, the opening women's event. She had set a world record of 2:15.09 at the AAU championships in Texas two weeks earlier, and she and Nashville Aquatic Club teammate Joan Pennington both went under that time. As other American swimmers joyfully pummeled one another in the stands, Caulkins touched in 2:14.07 and Pennington in 2:14.98. Ulrike Tauber, the GDR captain and a one-time world-record holder in the event, was third. She left the pool visibly shaken. Less than an hour later came the 400 medley relay that so discomfited Treiber. Caulkins and the other members of what has become the big four of U.S. women's swimming—backstroker Linda Jezek, butterflyer Pennington and freestyler Cynthia Woodhead—won it in an American-record 4:08.21.

Caulkins faced Tauber three nights later in the 400 individual medley, an event the East German won at Montreal in a world-record 4:42.77. But now, knifing through the water, an efficient, utterly streamlined figure, Caulkins streaked to a 4:40.83 clocking, leaving Tauber far behind. On Saturday night, battling blustery winds and a mild stomach virus, she won the 200 butterfly in 2:09.87, equaling the world record of the GDR's Andrea Pollack, who finished third. After a brief rest Caulkins then swam a swift leadoff leg on a 400 freestyle relay team that easily outdistanced the East Germans while clocking a world-record 3:43.43.

That was Caulkins' last swim, and it was just as well. Along the way she had shown signs of tiring, notably on Thursday when she failed to qualify for the final in the 200 breaststroke. "I'm relieved that it's over," she admitted Saturday night. "It's been a lot of pressure." For her efforts, Caulkins wound up with five gold medals and all or part of four world records.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Nearsighted Caulkins couldn't see the scoreboard but she set two world records and tied another

Which is what it pretty much took to eclipse the performances of the rest of the big four. Pennington, for example, followed her silver-medal performance in the 200 IM by overcoming a woeful start—she was rocking back on her heels at the gun—to outduel world-record holder Pollack in the 100 butterfly. And the Stanford-bound Jezek, explosive on starts and turns, beat Treiber in both backstrokes, her 2:11.93 in the 200 breaking the East German's world record by half a second. Then there was Woodhead, a 14-year-old giant-killer who drew sustenance from a five-pound bucket of peanut butter she had brought along from home in Riverside, Calif. At 5' 4", Woodhead stood seven inches shorter than GDR sprint star Barbara Krause, and as the long-stroking East German surged ahead in the 200 freestyle, Woodhead stayed close with a shorter, quicker, almost frantic turnover. She drew even at the 100-meter turn and won going away in 1:58.53, comfortably under Krause's world record of 1:59.04.

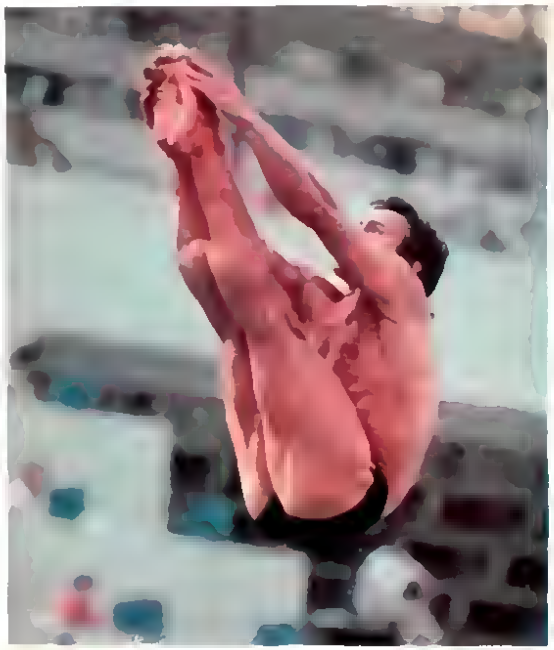
Thoroughly overwhelmed, the East Germans tried to figure out what had hit them. One answer was a flu bug that forced distance star Petra Thümer to scratch from all three of her events. Another was swimming's version of "old age," which probably did in the 20-year-old Tauber, who was said to be considering a hasty retirement. Mostly, though, the Germans were simply beaten. "If we knew exactly what we did wrong, we wouldn't have done it," Coach Rudolf Schramme said. "But certainly we must concentrate on finding a new crop of younger athletes."

What made the East German defeats all the more galling was that they came in West Berlin. The East Germans and their Socialist-bloc partners resisted holding the championships there but were voted down within the International Swimming Federation. Whereupon the organizers spent $7 million to spruce up the 9,000-seat pool, which sits in the shadow of the weathered stadium Hitler built for the 1936 Olympics.

As the championships neared, the Socialist countries complained that the West German flag was flying slightly higher over the stadium—which was used for opening ceremonies—than the flags of the other 48 competing countries. Another source of complaint was a West Berlin political advertisement, slipped in the official program, that accused Communist countries of trying to boycott West Berlin as a site for international sports events. Only when organizers apologized for having let the ad get by them did the GDR team pass *continued*



The U.S. big four (from left) of Jezek, Caulkins, Pennington and Woodhead won the 400 medley relay







through the Wall and settle in its West Berlin hotel, a secluded 40-room converted mansion with crystal chandeliers and well-tended gardens.

But the competition happily transcended the many annoyances. In water polo, in which the top seven finishers qualified for the Olympics, the U.S. made it by placing fifth. The Americans had not qualified for the '76 Games.

The Soviet Union's Irina Kalinina, shy, slight and with one side of her face paralyzed since infancy, put on two solid programs to win both the tower and the three-meter diving events.

Kalinina was joined in victory by American diver Phil Boggs, or, as the public-address announcer pronounced it, "Feel Bawkes." A 28-year-old University of Michigan law student, Boggs had won the three-meter title at both previous world championships, held in 1973 and 1975, and the gold medal at Montreal. Relaxing between dives in West Berlin by playing backgammon in a back room, he strutted out when his turn came to perform and snapped off one crisply executed dive after another. After each he leaped out of the water and stared confidently at the judges, as though daring them to downgrade him.

The U.S. men swimmers generally lacked Boggs' experience but overcame some blunders to win nine of their first 13 events, solidifying their No. 1 position in the world. Bob Jackson, a sixth-place finisher at Montreal, touched first in the 100 backstroke in 56.36, then held his breath as the apparent fourth-place finisher, New Zealand's Gary Hurring, was disqualified for neglecting to touch the wall at the 50-meter turn, an offense Jackson feared that he, too, had committed. But his victory stood, and he said, slyly, "I guess I was wrong."

Another lucky American was 17-year-old Nick Nevid, who misjudged his pace in the morning preliminaries and earned the last spot—in Lane 8—for the finals of the 200-meter breaststroke. The race soon narrowed to two men, Nevid and the Soviet Union's Arsen Miskarov, who was clear over in Lane 1, with the result that neither front-runner saw the other as they raced stroke for stroke. Nevid won in 2:18.37, a hair's breadth—.05 of a second—in front, and admitted he was surprised at being world champion. "Last summer I didn't even qualify for the nationals," he said.

Boggs (top) had the touch in the three-mater diving and came up a winner along with U.S. teammate Vassallo (center). But for Ulrike Tauber (bottom) and the East Germans, the mood was glum.

Jesse Vassallo, the star of the AAU competition in Texas, had another big meet in West Berlin. He won the 400 individual medley in 4:20.05, more than three seconds under his two-week-old world record, and the 200 backstroke in 2:02.16. He also finished second in a 200 IM won in a world-record 2:03.65 by Canada's—and the University of California's—Graham Smith. A native of Puerto Rico now living in California, Vassallo drew the wistful attention of the five-member Puerto Rican team. The U.S. Territory competes on its own in international sport, and Vassallo, or so somebody from San Juan suggested, might be doing that good swimming of his for the glory of Puerto Rico, not the U.S. But Vassallo claims he once tried to represent Puerto Rico only to be told he could not do so while training in the U.S. "They shut the door on me," he said. "Now that I'm doing well, they say, 'You're one of us.'" The awkwardness may have been eased—then again, maybe not—by the presence in West Berlin of several of Vassallo's relatives, who greeted his triumphs with gleeful cries of "*Arriba* Puerto Rico."

Tracy Caulkins also had relatives on hand, including her 17-year-old sister Amy, a member of the U.S. entry in a five-team exhibition tournament in women's water polo staged at the championships. Amy is a former competitive swimmer, and Tracy has tried water polo, and each believes she has gravitated toward the right sport. "I'm nearsighted and have trouble seeing the ball," Tracy said.

"Tracy's got her head on straighter than I do," said Amy. "She can swim for herself and handle the pressure. I like having teammates helping me."

Tracy's nearsightedness made it hard for her to read the scoreboard, with the result that she had to ask other swimmers or lane judges the results after each race. While the tidings were favorable in everything else, the two breaststroke events were another matter. In the 100 she led for 70 meters only to be overhauled by the powerhouse stroke of the Soviet Union's 14-year-old Julia Bogdanova, who won in 1:10.31, a world record. Tracy touched in 1:10.77, an American record. Then there was her failure

continued

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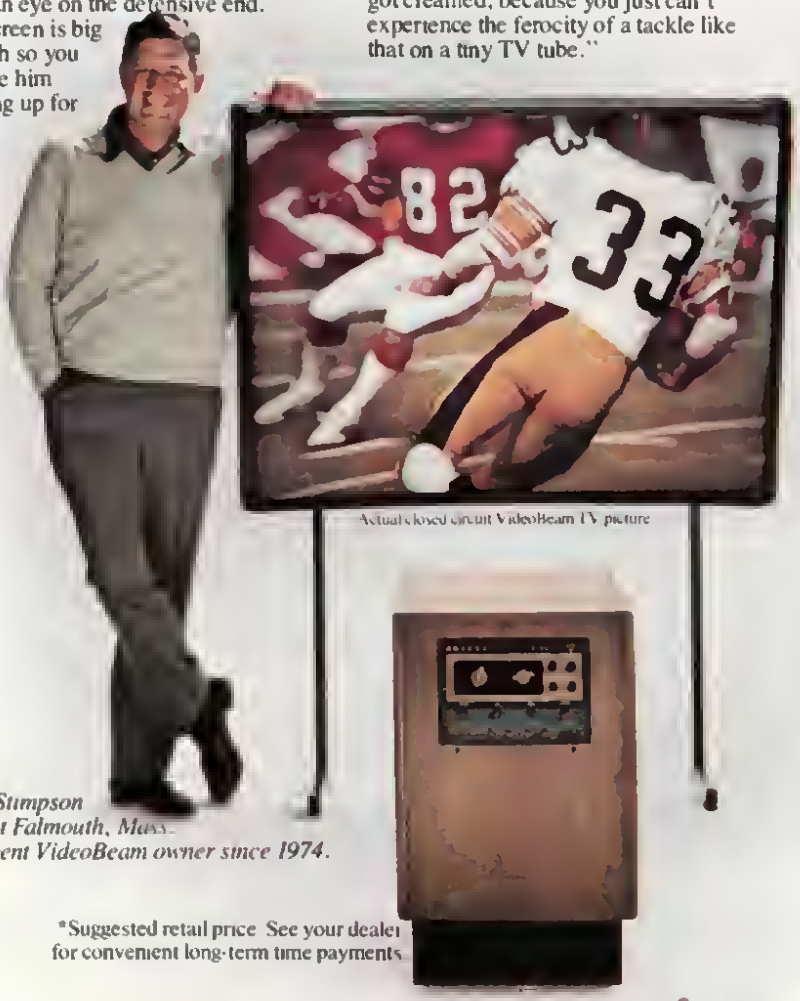
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to make the finals in the 200. The heats were the morning after the world record in the 400 IM, and Tracy, apparently sapped, plodded to the 10th-fastest time. Only the eight fastest advanced, and Tracy, having been saddened by Birgit Treiber's tears, now cried herself. "I was tight or something," she said later.

But Caulkins and company were otherwise overwhelming, and the U.S. coaches, pressed for explanations, attributed the breakthrough to stepped-up weight training and greater use of flexibility exercises. They also noted, with a forgivable air of self-congratulation, that the American women seemed to have better technique than their GDR rivals. But Head Coach George Haines was careful to add, "At the moment we just may have better athletes than they do."

With the GDR having its problems, the Soviet Union appeared ready to challenge for world supremacy by the time of the 1980 Moscow Olympics. The Soviets suddenly had some U.S.-style depth to work with. Sergei Vaitsekhovski, the feisty, crew-cut U.S.S.R. coach, called Bogdanova, Caulkins' conqueror in the 100 breaststroke, "unbeatable" in the 200, then cheered as Bogdanova's teammate Lina Kachushite won in a world-record 2:31.42. He also offered assurances that Sergei Rusin was a cinch to win the 400 free, only to wind up congratulating countryman Vladimir Salnikov. At this point Vaitsekhovski began toning down his predictions. "What we have achieved so far is peanuts," he said. "With the depth we are developing, the medals will keep falling from heaven."

Nevertheless, the Berlin meet belonged to the American girls, and nobody reveled in that fact more than Paul Bergen, the coach who developed Caulkins and Pennington. Later this month Bergen takes over as women's coach at the University of Texas, and while Pennington, who has graduated from high school, will be going along, Cautkins, a high school sophomore, will remain in Nashville. Thus Caulkins' triumphs were emotional ones for Bergen, who took movies of her races and victory ceremonies. The latter included a recorded *Star-Spangled Banner* that left him all choked up.

"Listen to that tune," Bergen whispered as the anthem sounded after yet another of Caulkins' victories. "Our girls are back on top." And so, for now anyway, they are. **END**

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PRO FOOTBALL

'78

Bud Goode, prognosticator extraordinary, feeds his Univac 1106 computer a mawful of statistics, and reports the readout: close races in all divisions of the AFC but a runaway in the NFC for Dallas, which will win the Super Bowl in Miami in a close one against the home team

by Joe Marshall

BIG D BY THREE

Twenty-one weeks from now, on the 21st day of January, the defending champion Dallas Cowboys will beat the hometown Miami Dolphins by three points in Super Bowl XIII. So says computer statistician Bud Goode. Or rather, so says the Univac 1106 computer that Goode (pronounced Goody) has fed with relevant data. The computer has "played" the entire 1978 National Football League schedule, thus providing SI a sneak preview of the season (*see charts beginning on page 48*).

The major revelation of this forecast is that NFL '78, in sharp contrast to such sequels as *Airport '77* and *Jaws 2*, may actually turn out to be better than its predecessor. The reason is not merely a schedule expanded from 14 to 16 regular-season games per team but a new format that matches strong teams against strong teams and weak against weak. Last year 82 NFL games, less than 42% of the total, were decided by a touchdown or less. This year Goode's computer predicts that a similar margin will settle 144 games, or more than 64%. "You cannot overemphasize the importance of the new scheduling philosophy," says Goode. "An average team could easily qualify for the playoffs, particularly since there will be an extra wild-card team from each conference."

Close races should be the rule in the AFC in each of its three divisions. Miami, New England and Baltimore in the East; Pittsburgh, Houston and Cincinnati in the Central; and Oakland, Denver and San Diego in the West are all playoff contenders. In the NFC, Dallas appears to have only one real challenger: Los Angeles.

This season 14 NFL coaches will have Goode on the payroll for his weekly analysis; his track record is simply too good to ignore. In 1972 he correctly forecast that the Dolphins would become NFL champions with a perfect 17–0 record. Last season he predicted that underdog Denver would make it to the Super Bowl, only to lose to Dallas.

For the 54-year-old Goode, a native of Los Angeles, football statistics are an avocation turned vocation (SI, Jan. 14, 1974). He has applied a sophisticated computer process known as Multiple Regression Analysis to the myriad data available. Essentially, Goode's computer breaks the game down into its component parts. Take two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen, put them together with a bang and you get water. Take 44 rushes, only half as many passes, don't get intercepted or sacked, and you get victory. It isn't quite that simple, of course, but Goode's numbers provide a blueprint for winning football. This is what he sells coaches, not the predictions the computer spins off from its analyses.

And just what sort of attack does the computer recommend? Well, unfortunately for the three television networks and everyone else who thinks of pro football as show biz—and what else can you consider a business that promotes the bump and grind while outlawing the bump and run?—the computer and Woody Hayes think very much alike. According to the Univac 1106, the way to make the most of your chances of being a winner is to run the ball as often as possible.

Skeptics might argue that the winningest team of the '70s, the Oakland Raiders, has the game's best passing attack in Quarterback Ken Stabler and such capable receivers as Fred

Biletnikoff, Cliff Branch and Dave Casper. For runners the Raiders have always had guys from Colgate. Yet the fact is that last year Oakland led the league in rushes. The Raiders ran the ball almost 49 times a game, about 10% more than their closest rival, Los Angeles. Meanwhile, 18 teams threw the ball more than Oakland in 1977.

What's more, the computer says you don't have to run the ball well, you just have to run it. Thirteen teams gained more per rush than the Raiders last year. For their part, the Atlanta Falcons conducted a sort of controlled experiment in this theory. Under new Coach Leeman Bennett, a Goode client, the lowly Falcons appeared to have no offense. After six games Atlanta ranked last in the league in yards per rush. However, because Quarterback Steve Bartkowski was injured, the Falcons stayed on the ground. And what did this do for their record? Atlanta was the surprise of the NFL, leading its division at 4–2.

One reason Goode's computer rates the rush so highly is that running the ball helps a team's defense almost as much as its offense. "The run in football is the closest thing to the stall in basketball," Goode explains. Just the thing for prime-time television. Once again the Falcons illustrate the point. Last year the Falcons set an NFL record for fewest points allowed in a modern 14-game season—129. On the basis of that record they can be considered the top defensive team in the history of the game. Yet can anyone recall the names of three members of the Falcon defense? If you could ask Goode's computer to name Atlanta's defensive star, it would probably answer, "An injured Steve Bartkowski."

If a team insists on putting the ball in the air, Goode's computer offers three other criteria that can separate winners from losers. They are: yards per pass attempt, sacks and interceptions. In running, quantity is more important than quality, but the reverse holds true for passing. Teams that had 40 or more rushes won 85% of the time in 1977, while no team won a game in which it threw 40 times or more. As for total passing yardage, the team that threw for the most yards last year, Buffalo, won three games. The team that threw for the fewest, Tampa Bay, won two. The key passing statistic is yards per attempt; the six teams that led the league last year—Dallas, Baltimore, Oakland, New England, Pittsburgh and St. Louis—averaged 10 wins.

For the benefit of teams that like to live dangerously, the league has tried to inject some pizzazz into the season by making the throwing of an occasional bomb seem more inviting. New rules give receivers more freedom and quarterbacks more throwing time. Alas, Goode's computer says the changes will have little effect on play.

"It is a case of too little too late," he says. "Developments over the last 15 years have made the bomb an endangered species. Teams used to gain almost 50% more distance per pass than the 5.2-yard average of today. The combination of zone defenses, nickel defenses, better athletes playing defense and moving the hash marks in—which has reduced the throwing room on the wide side of the field—is too much to overcome with small rules changes." To demonstrate the effect of the new rules, Goode assumed an enormous increase of 20% in yards per pass attempt. The computer shows that even with such an increase the net result would be fewer than three additional points per game. NFL '78 will not become an aerial circus.

In computing yards per attempt, Goode includes sacks as unsuccessful attempts, which the NFL does not do on a weekly basis. He claims the sack is the most underrated statistic in the game, pointing out that it is not even kept in college football. The computer shows that one sack more than the opposition is worth three points in the winning margin. Not surprisingly, it was Super Bowl champion Dallas that led the NFC in sacks last year. Goode's statistics also reveal that teams which failed to make at least one sack in a game lost 80% of the time.

Goode disagrees with the NFL practice of lumping interceptions with fumbles and other turnovers. Interceptions are critically important, fumbles almost meaningless, presumably because fumbling a lot goes hand in hand with running a lot. Pittsburgh led the AFC in fumbles last year, while Chicago and Minnesota tied for the NFC lead. All three were playoff teams. But the five teams that threw the most interceptions—Cleveland, Tampa Bay, Seattle, Kansas City and the New York Jets—won just 18 games among them. Passing doesn't pay, except in television ratings.



Despite Goode's uncanny accuracy, the season will produce some surprises, of course. There are things that cannot be factored into the computer. Injuries, for instance, like the one to Miami's Bob Griese. Nor can the computer delve into the minds of the six new coaches to detect how they may change the philosophies of their teams.

Chuck Knox, a Goode client who is receiving the printout this season in Buffalo, not L.A., frequently chides the analyst, saying, "Bud, don't tell anyone you know anything about football. You don't. You just know more about the interrelationships of the stats than anyone. Stick to the numbers and you'll be O.K."

This year a lot of people will be sticking to Goode's numbers.

CONTINUED

GETTING IN ON A ZURICH

A Zurich is every football bettor's dream—a sure thing. Which leads to this football writer's fall fantasy

by **DAN JENKINS**



There were only a couple of minutes left to play in this NFL exhibition game a few years ago and the Dark Shirts were leading the White Shirts by 7. Which was just enuugh, for it seems that several members of the Dark Shirts had taken a mild position on the White Shirts with 7½. On the sideline, some of the Dark Shirt regulars were already celebrating with laughter and jokes as they watched the rookies run out the clock. With their infinite skills the veterans had obviously managed to win both the game and their bets.

Suddenly a horrible thing happened. A rookie quarterback on the Dark Shirts ran a bootleg and completely faked out the Whites. Down the sideline he went, all alone, unmolested from midfield to a touchdown. Back on the Dark Shirt bench, some of the regulars were cheering—but not all of them. Instead, those few were cussing, slamming their helmets down and kicking over ice buckets.

"What the hell's wrong with you guys?" the head coach of the Dark Shirts asked.

"Aw, nothin', Coach," said the regular quarterback of the Dark Shirts. "I . . uh . . . I thought I saw a clip."

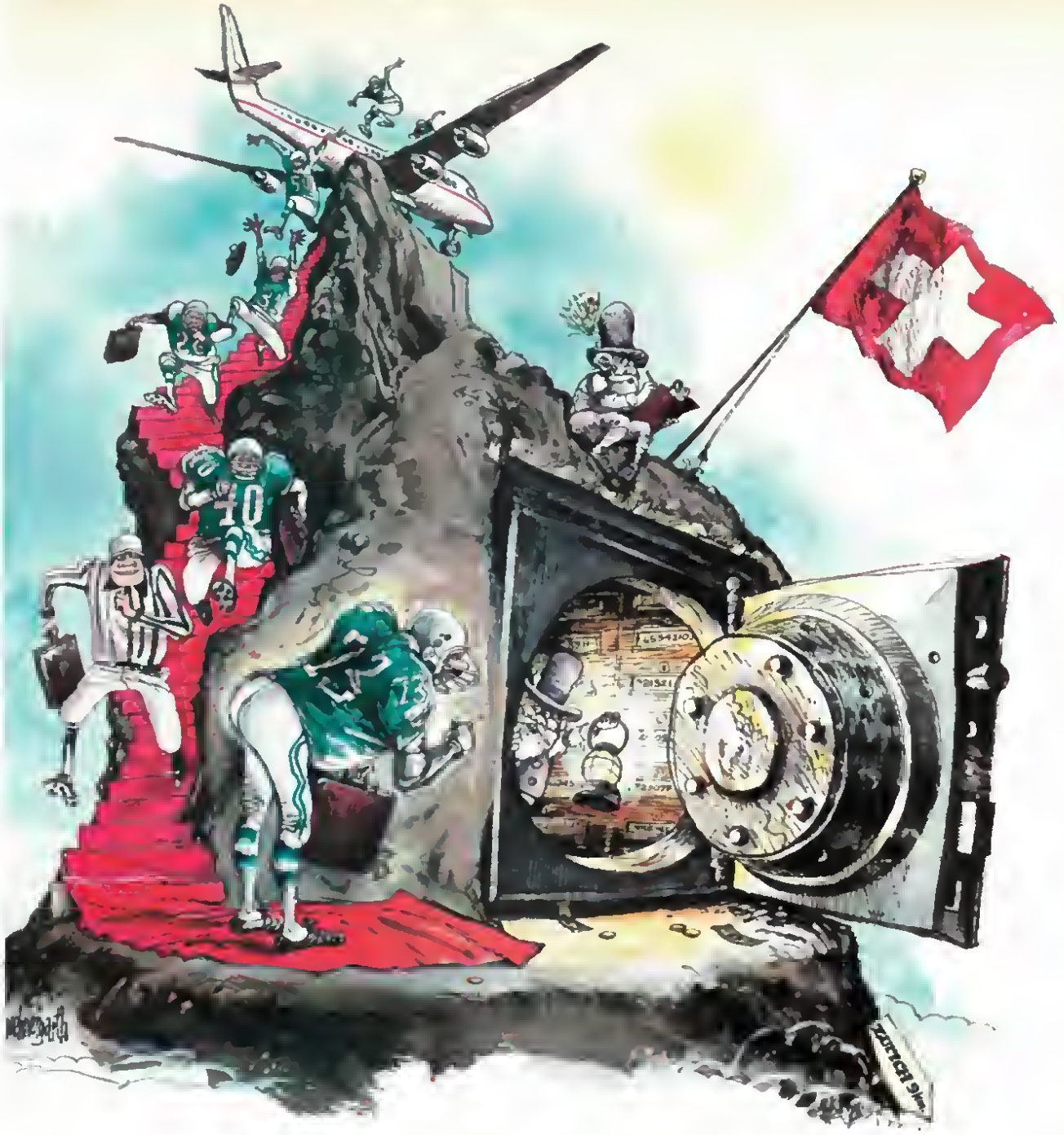
—A True Story, Evidently.

So it looks like the Dallas Cowboys again this year, over Miami, or somebody, and two zebras in the Super Bowl. Who cares? All I want to do is get in on the scam. I enjoy betting pro football, like about 40 million other people, so naturally I've never heard of a game being on the level unless the favorite covers the 6½ so easily I get to tell jokes in the fourth quarter and discuss the girl in the Noxzema commercial.

There are those who would say I'm a cynic. To that, I say, yeah, well, it wasn't me who gave Bert Jones the fumble. I didn't give Mel Gray that catch in the end zone when he should have been called for a double dribble. And like everyone else, I saw Oakland's Mike McCoy standing there with the loose ball in his hands, and then watched Denver wind up with some kind of touchdown.

Instant replays will break your heart, but even worse is the inability of a team to get up for every game. That's what causes upsets.

How can a pro football player not get up for a game when he only has to work 16 days a year? I work the same days and I'm up. You have to be. You have to be alert and mentally tough if you ever hope to find a Zurich game. This is a game where the big favorite takes a dive and the team charters a jet to Switzerland to stuff its numbered accounts. It's not easy to get in on a Zurich game un-



less you're a biggie in the mob, Congress or the Polo Lounge or a guest on Pete Rozelle's yacht.

If you follow pro football, then certainly you know it is virtually impossible to make a bad bet, even if you lose. Simply by picking one team to either win the game or beat the points, you have proven yourself intellectually superior to the oddsmaker. This is because pro football is the only cerebral game to bet. Think about the others. All you can do with baseball is look for sore-arm pitchers who are trying to keep it a secret. In horse racing, you look for a jockey who could pull a Clydesdale. In ice hockey, you find a goalie who acts like the cage is a toll booth and the pucks a stream of little black cars. Nobody bets boxing, not since oppressed minorities went out. And basketball is roulette. Which Ahmad-Abdul Eugene will miss the free throw?

Those are a few reasons why smart guys prefer pro football. Then there is the Script. The first hint that there might be a Script came about at the NFL championship game of 1940 when a smart guy had the Redskins with 72½ over the Bears.

The Script is what Rozelle and his staff work out every summer—the results of all the games, intricately planned in advance to keep the divisional races close. If the betting man studies the results after the first few games, he can sometimes spot a trend. Like the Houston Oilers last year, who wound up with a 10–4 record

continued



The Manual is a document distributed to key personnel advising them how to regulate scores

against the spread. This was the best in the league, and more than one smart guy thought Rozelle should have given the big silver paperweight to Bum Phillips instead of to Tom Landry.

Working out the Script is one of the toughest parts of Rozelle's job. He has a lot of owners who don't want to lose a game at home or on television. It becomes a bargaining process. For example, Rozelle is forced to call Carroll Rosenbloom, and have the following conversation:

Pete: Carroll, how do you feel about dropping a close one to the 49ers on Oct. 8?

Carroll: I can't do it, Pete. Too many VIPs in the press box that day. I've already invited Warner Baxter, George M. Cohan and Cheryl Tiegs.

Pete: I'll trade you a really big win over Pittsburgh on Nov. 12 for it.

Carroll: I don't know, Pete, San Francisco is a division team.

Pete: I've done you a lot of favors, Carroll. I got you out of Baltimore and into Beverly Hills. Now I'm working on the P.R. campaign that'll keep a team out of L.A. once you move to Anaheim. I need this one.

Carroll: Can I move back to L.A. if it doesn't work out in Anaheim?

Pete: Let's worry about that when the time comes. I need this game It will make all of October more interesting. You're going to win the division, anyhow. I suppose its O.K. to tell you that. And look at it this way—it won't be the Rams' fault. I'll send a zebra.

Carroll: Well, all right. But let's make it a heartbreaker. Do the 49ers have a placekicker who can glance one off the crossbars?

This brings up the Manual, a secret document prepared by the NFL and distributed to key personnel on each of the teams. It's updated and improved every season with suggestions on bow the quarterbacks, running backs, placekickers, holders, receivers, centers and other offensive linemen can control and regulate the scores of all the games. In fact, all you need to do to know that a Manual exists is blow the late game on a parlay.

Almost any veteran bettor can pretty much tell you what is in the Manual. It goes like this:

To All Players

You have made America love pro football. Let's keep it that way. Nothing will continue to excite the public more than close divisional races and shocking upsets. There are ways for all of you to be a part of this without grading poorly in the game films. Once again, in return for your contributions, each of you will get one Zurich game before the end of the season. Have a great year!

Quarterbacks

You are still the most important swan in the ballet. In the past you have been very good at throwing passes into the dirt and into the stands, also at missing the wide-open receiver on a post pattern. However, we believe it is time to consider measures of a more subtle nature.

A study has been conducted for us by Dr. E. I. M. Fetterling, a renowned psychotherapist from Long Beach, Calif., and Dr. Fetterling has convinced us that there are things you can do conversationally in the huddle and at the scrimmage line that could be of great value and are virtually undetectable.

Dr. Fetterling offers this example. It is third and three and you desperately need to kill a drive. Heretofore, you have most likely relied on the bad handoff to the running back, or the short sideline pass just out of reach of the receiver. But why not call a running play which sounds very much like a passing play. For example, "Tiger, left, purple-X, motion ZYB, country road" easily could be confused with "Tiger left, purple *flex*, motion Z-*fly* B, country road." While everyone is blocking for the run, you are retreating to pass. Unable to find any receivers, you will be smothered for a loss, of course. An honest misunderstanding. Hence, you are forced to punt.

Dr. Fetterling sees the line of scrimmage as a rather untapped region for drawing critical penalties. Jerky, trick cadence is often used to attempt to draw the opponents offside. Try it on your own guys. A languid "hut" followed by a brisk and unfamiliar "hut, hut, hut" is almost certain to cost you five yards.

There is nothing new on audibles. Dr. Fetterling sees no way to improve on reading the blitz and keeping it to yourself, or audibilizing to only one side of the line.

As methods improve, we will soon be able to do away altogether with the necessary but embarrassing interception.

Placekickers

Wie geht es Ihnen? Wir erwarten von Ihnen eine weitere erfolgreiche Saison. Und wir danken Ihnen für alle Gefälligkeiten, die Sie uns bisher erwiesen haben Alles Gute und viel Glück mit poof Zürich!

Holders

More and more, the Leftward Lean is looking like the best way to handle the

right-footed soccer-style kicker. This ploy is particularly effective when there is a crosswind.

As for the straightaway American-style kicker, there are still only two things to remember. One, you know he doesn't like to kick into the laces under any circumstances. Give him those laces. Second, when you're holding for the guy who is deadly from any distance, regardless of the lean or even the down-flat placement, we advise relying on the good old-fashioned Fumbled Snapback.

Receivers

You've done a wonderful job in previous years and we don't mean to criticize, but more imagination is required. Most of your slipping down on artificial turf looks just fine, and you're doing a splendid job of picking angles so that slower defenders can catch you from behind. Still, this business of allowing clutch passes to bounce awkwardly off your chests is being overdone.

We would like to see more of you running your routes one step short of the yardage needed for a first down. Then you can go ahead and make the diving catch. You will have looked spectacular, but the drive will be seriously hindered.

Remember that you still must catch one very difficult pass in every game before anyone will accept the three easy ones you may need to drop later on. With luck, most of you will be able to accomplish it with a leaper at the sideline. But there will be occasions when you will be asked to grab one on a crossing pattern into the middle of a zone. Yes, we can hear the sound of the crash from here.

Running Backs

Most of you gifted fumblers are doing a terrific job. All we would care to suggest is that you hold to a minimum your fumbles inside the opponent's 10. Fumbles deep in scoring territory leave a very bad impression on both the fans and the press, and they can sometimes spoil a game that might otherwise have been talked about for years as a classic.

On a happier note, we think your all-round diving over the stack and lunging for unimportant extra yardage looks about as close as you can ever hope to come to perfection.

Centers

You have truly shone in ignoring the blitz, which is your most vital role. And as long as the general public remains unaware that picking up the blitz is one of the center's major responsibilities, you will continue to be one of the unsung heroes of our game.

We do ask one thing. Try not to snap the ball quite so high over the punter's head on fourth down when so desperate a measure is called for.

Offensive Linemen

Sorry about the new rules this year, gentlemen, but something had to be done to take the heat off our zebras. All the new rule means, of course, is that you will be able to hold on every play—and we hope you will do so as flagrantly as possible.

The more flagrantly you hold, the better it will look in case you have been isolated on camera for a replay, and this happened to be the moment when our zebra urgently needed to call holding to stifle a rally.

Defense

Just reminders. Continue to play as hard as you wish, for you have learned that the offense can score as often as it cares to without your help.

Keep up the cheap shots. We aren't as opposed to them as we publicly state. The fact is, cheap shots not only add authenticity to the drama, but also breed rivalries and stir up fan interest.

You will get your usual quota of touchdowns on interceptions. As always, the circumstances will be obvious, and the ball will be thrown as directly to you as possible under a heavy rush.

Do not be concerned if your team appears to be falling too far behind or is building up too large a lead. The full details of every game plan will be known only to the offense.

And as we have said earlier, trust your zebras!

A Final Word

Angry mail from fans has reached such proportions that we have been forced to put in a new regulation applying to players who score touchdowns. Unless you run 50 yards or more with the ball, the time allotted to spiking the football will be five seconds. Maximum spiking time for *anyone* will be 30 seconds, including choreography and a medley of your all-time favorite spikes.

By now you may have the impression that the system is so refined—and the deck so loaded—it would be utterly senseless to make a bet on a pro football game. That is true, I think, for the person who chooses to rely on all of the information that is supposed to be helpful in sizing up a game: statistics, injury reports, playing surfaces, home fields, weather, coaching reputations, size, speed, experience and so on. Over the years, however, the smart guy has learned to ignore such things because they are built into the overall seam.

The successful bettor knows you can only beat the Script and the Manual if you have well-tested systems of your own. Here are a few that seem to work for me:

Never take a tip from a guy eating in a luncheonette. If you insist on listening to someone about a game, make sure he just walked out of an expensive restaurant and got in a limousine with a Marthe Keller look-alike.

Find a team whose players' wives have an abundance of mink coats. Wait until the mink coats are favored by 10 or more against a team playing under .500, then load up on the dog. The dog could win the whole game.

A team with several players wearing religious medals hates to fly. It's not a good road team.

Running backs playing out their options try to confine their fumbling to the first half of the season.

A team with too many members in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes can draw up to three delay penalties a game. Too much preaching in the huddle.

Go with a good passing team against defensive backs who collect art.

Long invocations in cold weather don't always make the visiting team numb. They can also make them angry.

Jump in with both hands against a placekicker with a big mortgage.

A team with its entire offensive line living within a block of a drugstore could go all the way.

The underdog on Monday night has more to prove. It is the players' normal night off and most of them would rather be in a disco.

Finally, keep an eye out for the Ivy Leaguer in a key position if the Dow takes a sudden dip.

If nothing else, I'm convinced these tips will help you lose with a better attitude. But as any gambler knows, there is something a lot worse than losing. It's not having a bet on the TV game.

CONTINUED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD KASPER

To Be Tight, You've Got To Be Loose

by Ron Reid

To the defensive backs he has beaten on a play called Ghost to the Post there is nothing at all friendly about Dave Casper, the Oakland Raiders' All-Pro tight end. For two seasons he has consistently bewildered NFL defenders and for almost as long he fooled his own coach, although in a different way.

And that's not all. A good tight end has to be as fast as a running back, have hands as good as a wide receiver and be big and strong enough to block the likes of Harvey Martin or Lyle Alzado

"If you look at the way Casper carries himself," John Madden says, "you think he's dead. Watch him going back to the huddle; he looks worn out. In the first two years he was here, I used him as a spot player because I didn't think he had the stamina for a full game. He should have been a starter in his second year. There's never been a more deceptive athlete in that way than Ghost."

If Madden was wrong about the 6′ 4″, 230-pound Casper, the Raiders' leading receiver in each of the last two seasons—101 receptions for 1,275 yards and 16 touchdowns—blame it on Casper's perplexing position as much as on his deceptive bearing. The tight end is an anomaly—half offensive lineman, half receiver. "I call us bastards," says Denver's Riley Odoms. "We're a combination of every position on the field."

A tight end must be at once large, strong and swift. In a sense he's the football equivalent of a decathlete, whose mastery of, say, the shotput often comes at the expense of, say, the 1,500 meters.

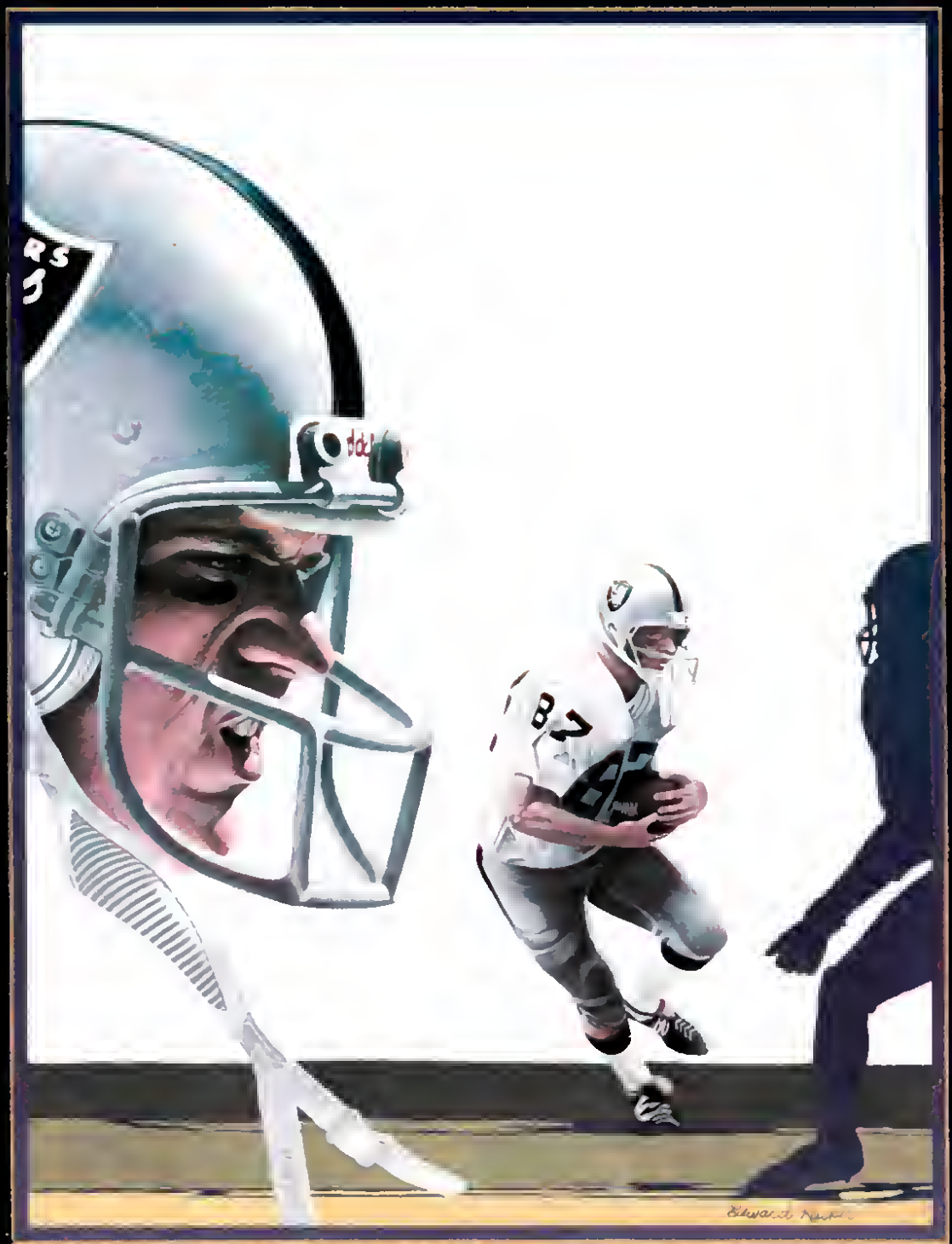
At his best, a tight end is both a drive-blocking lineman who is the key to a strongside rushing attack and a pass receiver who can break a zone defense by running a deep route with speed. Few athletes are so gifted as to excel at these disparate tasks.

"A tight end has to take as much pride in his blocking as his receiving," says Russ Francis of New England, who, like Casper, shines in both arts. "Catching a touchdown pass is an obvious, enjoyable thing, the most glorious kind of moment you have in a game; blocking generally goes unnoticed except by your teammates and the coaching staff. But good blocking is the best way to earn respect. I enjoy it and I'm always working on it."

"I really think they are equal aspects of the job," says Casper. "From week to week you have to look at your game to find out exactly what it is you're doing worse and that's what you have to work on. There are guys who get a kick out of practicing only what they do best and making themselves feel good, but I think if you're going to practice seriously, you sometimes have to say, 'Well, I better go hit a few sleds.' It's pretty boring but it's simply got to be done."

Not every tight end is blessed with the all-round skills of Casper and Francis, though Billy Joe DuPree of the world-champion Cowboys and the Redskins' Jean Fugett, a '77 All-Pro, come close. Pro scouts say that Odoms, Dave Hill of De-

continued



With a total of 101 catches, Dave Casper was Oakland's leading receiver the last two seasons.



The Patriots' Russ Francis is the fastest big man in the NFL. Nonetheless, he is used more as a blocker than as a receiver.

Walter White was picked up by Kansas City for the $100 waiver price. Last year he led the Chiefs in receptions with 48



troit and Henry Childs of New Orleans (who had nine scoring receptions last year) rank just below those four. Walter White of Kansas City compensates for his run-of-the-mill blocking by excelling as a receiver, much the same as Bob Trumpy did during his career at Cincinnati. Matching Casper with 48 receptions last year, White was the Chiefs' leading receiver with 674 yards and five touchdowns, certainly more than the club expected in 1975, when White was acquired for the $100 waiver price.

While a tight end's ability often dictates what an offense can do, especially with its running game, not every team fully utilizes the tight end. The Vikings play theirs much the same as teams did in the early '60s, primarily as a blocker and short-yardage receiver. So do the Patriots. The 6′ 6″ Francis, who is the fastest 240-pounder in the NFL, caught only 16 passes last season for 229 yards and four touchdowns. Double-team defenses worked him over, to be sure, but the statistics bear out the notion that Francis' remarkable talent has yet to be exploited

Although this is true about the best of these men, the position has gradually become more prominent in the NFL, and this season it should figure even more conspicuously. As receivers, tight ends will bear watching by defenses and fans alike for the simple reason that a new official will be looking at them, too.

In recent seasons, with the exception of Tampa Bay's Kamikaze quarterbacks, few football players have been battered more than tight ends going out for passes. Working in "blind" areas of the field, they were held, tripped and pummeled with near impunity. Up to now, such violations have gone unnoticed and unpunished by game officials whose attention has been focused on other areas of the field. In one game in Pittsburgh, Casper was held so often and so tenaciously that his jersey was yanked out of his pants a dozen times. Still, no Steelers were penalized, and Casper just kept on tuckin'. A few days later the league office fined the Raiders $250 for Casper's dangling shirttail, a uniform violation.

To help reduce the blown calls that angered so many fans last year, the NFL has beefed up its crews to seven men this season by adding a new official called a side judge. In part, his responsibility will be to curtail the kind of out and out assault that has passed for pass defense against tight ends.

"I think it's a good thing," says Casper. "It may stop some of the blatant stuff that's been going on all this time. In the past, if it was third and eight and the linebacker had coverage on me, he could wait for me to move three or four yards and just tackle me. The worst thing that would

happen was we'd get a first down and five yards, and we probably would have gotten the first down anyway. The odds were for it because he'd get caught maybe once out of 10 times. Crime paid. Now, if the official has some intestinal fortitude, the guy will realize he can't pull that stuff anymore."

Score one for poetic justice if it works, because pro football will have made the game safer for those who play the only position pro football invented.

The tight end has been part of the pro game for almost 40 years. Although the origins of the position are somewhat obscure, the first tight end may have appeared in 1930 when Ralph Jones became coach of the Chicago Bears and unveiled a forerunner of the three-end offense that three decades later was hailed as being mainly responsible for the game's increasing popularity.

Jones was a Depression Era Tom Landry whose T formation offense normally flanked both ends and sent one of the backs in motion. Sometimes, however, the Bears flanked only one end. The other end, who stayed next to the tackle, thus became the tight end without so much as changing his stance.

Football positions are constantly redefined by players whose talents exceed the previous requirements, but a number of today's tight-end specifications could have been met



Denver's Riley Odoms, a three-time Pro Bowl player, is a bruising blocker and caught 37 passes for the Broncos last year.



Billy Joe DuPree, one of Dallas' favorite targets on third-down plays, is an All-Pro whom defenses honor with double coverage

by some of the pioneer models in the early '50s. Leon Hart of the '51 Lions, for example, was one of the first players to prove that size—huge size—could be an asset in catching passes.

Hart was 6' 5" and played at 262 pounds and, as Paul Brown remembers, "His size was an overwhelming thing. Bobby Layne would throw him that quick pass over the middle and stopping him was like trying to tackle a truck out of control."

At the time Brown's tight end at Cleveland was Dante Lavelli, who ran pass patterns with 4.5 speed and got into his blocks just as quickly. Pete Pihos and Pete Retzlaff of Philadelphia also excelled at both phases of the game. But the first player who clearly defined what a tight end could do was Ron Kramer of the 1959 Packers, a 6' 3", 230-pound receiver who was also a devastating blocker. Kramer was fast, had good hands and ran pass routes well, but his greatest value to Vince Lombardi was apparent when Green Bay ran off-tackle. By himself, Kramer would block a linebacker or lineman as the pivotal performer in Green Bay's legendary slants and sweeps. Since Kramer not only blocked his man but drove him backward, Green Bay opponents got a bad case of congestion instead of defensive pursuit. Kramer's strength gave the Packers the most effective power rushing attack in the NFL. Today the term "strong-side"

continued



I think America's future is black. Coal black.

Coal was our main source of energy until about 1940. The energy from coal kept us warm in winter. Cool in summer. Powered our first radios. Vacuum cleaners. Electric toasters. In those days, America ran on coal.

Today, America runs on oil and gas. And it looks like we have about a 30 year supply left. Scientists, the government and the energy companies are busy developing alternate energy sources. But those new sources won't be available for many years. We need more time.

Coal can buy us that time.

There's still plenty of coal left. And today, we have better ways of extracting it. Safer, more efficient ways of burning it. If we start developing our coal reserves now, we can make a smooth transition to other energy sources such as solar energy or nuclear fusion—both with unlimited energy potential. If we wait around, we may be in trouble.

The way I see it, sometimes you have to dig up an old idea before you can come up with a new one.

Atlantic Richfield Company believes that one of our national goals must be a national energy policy that includes a plan for the prompt and orderly development of our country's coal reserves. You can help make it happen. Consider the facts. Take a stand. Get involved.

For a free booklet with additional information on this issue, please write: Atlantic Richfield Company, Coal, P.O. Box 30169, Los Angeles, CA 90030.

ARCO

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refers to that side of the offensive line that includes the tight end.

The tight end's potential as a pass receiver became increasingly apparent through the exploits of Mike Ditka of the Bears, John Mackey of the Colts and Billy Cannon of the Raiders, each of whom made a significant contribution to the game and the position during the '60s.

Ditka, who caught 248 passes for 30 touchdowns in his first four seasons at Chicago, demonstrated that a lineman's physique is no handicap to being the most formidable receiver on the field. In 1964, the former Pittsburgh star set the record for tight ends by catching 75 passes, a total that has not been surpassed in the last 10 seasons even by a running back or a wide receiver.

Voted the greatest tight end of the NFL's first 50 years after only six seasons at Baltimore, Mackey was the first tight end who had the speed and moves to run deep pass patterns, once the sole province of outside receivers. While some of Mackey's routes were designed to go deep, others simply finished that way because he ran over tacklers like a charging rhino.

Cannon, the 1959 Heisman Trophy winner at LSU, was one of the first American Football League superstars as a running back. He was converted to tight end in 1965 after being traded from Houston to Oakland, which was then coached by Al Davis. The position switch probably extended Cannon's career, but Davis' reason for making the move was more pragmatic than benevolent. Defenses had adjusted to Davis' penchant for putting both wide receivers on the same side of the field by moving both cornerbacks there to cover them. The other side of the field was left to the slower safeties whom Cannon could beat with explosive releases consonant with his name. As zone defenses became more prevalent, Cannon's quickness also enabled him to beat the linebacker.

Today, the tight end's increased importance to a passing attack is the result of a rule change made in 1972. That's when the hash marks were moved in almost 11 feet closer to the center of the playing field in the hope that more scoring would be generated. What the change did instead was take away the wide side of the field to doubly benefit the defense. With the field more or less evened out, a secondary could wait until after the ball was snapped before it committed itself to a rotation that the quarterback could read. Now there was no big area to the wide side of the field to be protected, as in the past.

The hash-mark change also gave birth to the double zone, in which both wide receivers were covered by a cornerback and a safety. With both safeties rotating to the outside, the double zone left the middle of the field vulnerable to a tight end, who could usually beat the middle linebacker.

As an assignment, it is considerably more than a foot race, particularly for a player of Casper's caliber. "He's one of the most amazing players I've ever seen," Madden says. "He's big, strong, fast, tough and very intelligent, but his outstanding quality is his feel for the game. That's important because you never know what you're going to see as a tight end. There may be a linebacker or a defensive lineman over him at the line of scrimmage, or a strong safety right on top of him. If he gets by the lineman, there may be a linebacker or secondary rotation to his side. Of all the receiving positions, there are more things that can happen to a tight end at the start, so he has to have a feel for it; and here's where Casper is outstanding; he has the feel for what's happening and how he can adjust to it."

"As far as technique," Casper says, "I use some of the simplest releases of any tight end in the league. I mostly try to stay low, take off hard and get downfield quick. You only have so much time to run a pattern, and the deeper you can run it the better off you are because it gives you more room to come back for the ball."

As for blocking assignments, the match-up with a 275-pound defensive lineman is not as tough for Casper as the man-to-man block against a linebacker in a sweep. "It could be easier if we did it differently," he says. "We fire the guy straight up and sometimes shadow him downfield for four or five seconds, which gets kind of hairy. The other tough one comes when we're pulling the guards. You've got to hold the defensive lineman's penetration long enough for the backside guard to clear, and that's a long time. You can't let the guy get around the other side, either. I think it's one of the hardest things to do."

"You can use finesse in your blocking as a change-up," says Francis, "but it won't work over an entire game and eventually you've got to strike someone. And you can't be volatile at the position. You have to keep your head. You get too fired up and you'll blow your route or your block. Tight end is a specialty position and you don't succeed at it without discipline."

As far as Madden is concerned, offensive success is similarly unattainable without the tight end who can block and receive with equal skill. "If you don't have a tight end who is a good blocker," he says, "you don't have a strongside running attack. You've got two weakside running games and you have to use a lot of pitches, traps and finesse stuff. If your tight end is a blocker and not a receiver, the double zone is going to get you." For that reason, last July the Raiders reacquired Raymond Chester from the Colts, to whom they traded him in 1973. A hardworking tight end who averaged 17.9 yards per reception last year, Chester gives Madden two strongside running attacks as well as insurance should Casper get hurt.

Punishment, however, is something Casper accepts as his due. "You have to have an attitude that allows you to chuckle while a guy is pounding you in the face," he says. "Not that it's funny, but if you start worrying about that stuff, it will get to you."

With a new official on hand to keep face-pounding to a minimum this season, don't be surprised if tight ends aren't the loosest bunch in the NFL.

CONTINUED

VOLVO PROPOSITION 13½

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AMERICAN CONFERENCE EASTERN DIVISION		WEEK 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	PREDICTION W L T	PCT
1. MIAMI	OPPONENT	NYJ	BAL	BUF	PHI	STL	CIN	SD	NE	BAL	OAL	BUF	HOU	NYJ	WSH	OAK	NE		
	PREDICTED	+12	+3	+8	+8	+10	+8	+1	0	+8	−1	+4	+1	+16	+7	+5	+4	14-1 1	0 906
	ACTUAL																		
2. NEW ENGLAND	OPPONENT	WSH	STL	BAL	OAK	SD	PHI	CIN	MIA	NYJ	BUF	HOU	NYJ	BAL	OAL	BUF	MIA		
	PREDICTED	+10	+8	+4	−1	+3	+10	+1	0	+14	+3	+4	+9	0	−7	+8	−4	11 3-2	0 750
	ACTUAL																		
3. BALTIMORE	OPPONENT	OAL	MIA	NE	BUF	PHI	STL	NYJ	OEN	MIA	WSH	SEA	CLE	NE	NYJ	PIT	BUF		
	PREDICTED	−8	−3	−4	+1	+7	+2	+11	0	−8	+8	+8	+5	0	+6	−7	+5	9-5 2	0 625
	ACTUAL																		
4. BUFFALO	OPPONENT	PIT	NYJ	MIA	BAL	KC	NYJ	HOU	CIN	CLE	NE	MIA	TAM	NYG	KC	NE	BAL		
	PREDICTED	−5	+8	−8	−1	+7	+5	−5	0	−1	−3	−4	+7	+10	+3	−8	−5	6-9-1	0 406
	ACTUAL																		
5. N.Y. JETS	OPPONENT	MIA	BUF	SEA	WSH	PIT	BUF	BAL	STL	NE	OEN	PHI	NE	MIA	BAL	CLE	OAL		
	PREDICTED	−12	−8	+1	−5	−11	−5	−11	−3	−14	−12	−8	−8	−16	−8	−8	−13	1-15-0	0 083
	ACTUAL																		

In these computer readouts, which head the scouting reports on all divisions, statistician Bud Goode predicts the winners and losers of every league game, as well as the point differentials. For example, here he picks New England to beat Washington by 10 points (+10) and Buffalo to lose to Pittsburgh by 5 (−5) in the first week of the season. Space is provided for the reader to enter the actual differential.

MIAMI had pro football's most effective offense last year. The Dolphins were one of the NFL's highest scoring teams, yet they ran fewer plays than most. End zones, not opponents, stopped them. Of course, that was with Bob Griese at quarterback. Bud Goode's predictions were based on Griese directing the Dolphin offense, but now he has been lost for half a season with a knee injury. How will this affect Miami? Not disastrously. In fact, the Dolphins should be able to weather such a blow as well as any team in football. Backup Quarterback Don Strock is a 6′ 5″, 220-pound former NCAA passing champion who has studied under Griese and Coach Don Shula for five years. At 27 Strock should be as capable as Earl Morrall was at age 38, when Morrall directed Miami to 10 straight wins while Griese recuperated from a broken leg during the Dolphins' perfect 1972 season. Strock has outstanding receivers in Nat Moore, who led the league with 12 touchdown catches last year, and Duriel Harris. Like Morrall, however, he will rely heavily on his ground game. Shula's off-season trade for San Francisco's Delvin Williams gives Miami the breakaway threat it has lacked since the days of Mercury Morris and a perfect complement to 220-pound power-runner Leroy Harris. More important, the Dolphins play an easy schedule in the first half of the season. Shula hopes that Griese can return in time for the first New England game, on Oct. 22.

NEW ENGLAND is just the sort of overpowering, heavily penalized team that Miami is not. "We can beat any team in football with the players we have right now," says Coach Chuck Fairbanks. "And I don't mean beat them on any given day. I mean we can beat any team in this league consistently if we just get our act together."

On defense, New England is strongest where Miami is weakest—the pass rush. It was best in the league with 58 sacks. Still, the Pats' pass defense is only mediocre, not much better than that of the Dolphins despite all the sacks and the presence of Cornerback Mike Haynes, who has been in the Pro Bowl in both his NFL seasons. And passing is the only way to move the ball against New England. The Pats' 3–4 defense is murder against the run, particularly up the middle, where Nose Tackle Ray (Sugarbear) Hamilton and Inside Linebackers Steve Nelson and Sam Hunt discourage ballcarriers.

Offensively, the Patriots have not been able to pass as effectively as Miami Quarterback Steve Grogan still throws too many interceptions despite the league's best protection. An indication that the Patriot air force is not fully developed is the fact that Tight End Russ Francis catches too few passes. But the Pats can cover a lot of territory when they do throw. Wide Receiver Stanley Morgan is a speedster who can get behind any secondary. Harold Jackson, acquired from the Rams to replace the injured Darryl Stingley, is an excellent route runner and can also go deep despite his advancing age; he is 32.

The strength of the Patriot offense is the line, particularly Guard John Hannah and Tackle Leon Gray. They spearhead a battering running game that should be more productive this year with the return of Halfback Andy Johnson, an all-purpose man who missed last season after knee surgery. Sam Cunningham may be the best blocking fullback in the NFL, and he is also a good enough runner to have gained 1,015 yards in 1977.

BALTIMORE Coach Ted Marchibroda has led the Colts to three division titles in the three years he has been in charge of the team. His record is a gaudy 31–11 and he is 5–1 against Miami's Shula. Still, this year may be a rocky one for the Colts, especially if Quarterback Bert Jones

doesn't make a fast recovery from a shoulder injury suffered last week. With Jones the Colts have football's best passing game, but it is questionable whether they can run well enough to keep up with improving Miami and New England.

Despite all the controversy this summer over whether or not Lydell Mitchell would return to the Colts (finally last week he was traded to San Diego), he was not the primary reason for Baltimore's running effectiveness. "Anytime a running back gets 1,300 yards and never runs outside, you've got one hell of an offensive line," asserts Jones. "Any running back we put in that position will get a thousand yards." Yet the line does not open gaping holes for Colt runners. Jones himself is the key here, he keeps rival defenses from zeroing in on his backs because of his great passing skills.

Last year Jones, given excellent protection, completed more passes—224—than any other quarterback in football, but 135 of those passes went to running backs. Mitchell led the league with 71 catches, and Don McCauley, his replacement, caught 51 in part-time duty. Jones' passing game was hurt by the injury that limited his favorite deep receiver, Roger Carr, to just 11 catches. If Carr makes a full recovery from knee surgery, Jones will happily resume bombing.

The Colts' defensive line, the Sack Pack, has a well-deserved reputation for putting pressure on the passer. Defensive End John Dutton has been All-Pro, while the other end, Fred Cook, quietly led the team in sacks last year with nine. Meanwhile, Defensive Tackle Mike Barnes was voted the league's best lineman by his peers. The Sack Pack dropped opposing quarterbacks 47 times and helped account for Baltimore's 30 interceptions. Safety Lyle Blackwood led the NFL with 10. The mistake opponents made was not attacking Baltimore on the ground. When they did, the Sack Pack surrendered a whopping 4.25 yards a carry. The Colts sorely need a bigger, stronger middle linebacker than 6', 210-pound Ed Simonini.

BUFFALO threw more than any other team last year, partly because O. J. Simpson was hurt. Now O.J. is gone—but the Bills will probably stay on the ground more. The reason is new Coach Chuck Knox, who won five straight division titles in L.A. but was canned for running the ball too often. Knox should develop a respectable running attack. To replace Simpson, he grabbed Terry Miller from Oklahoma State in the first round of the draft. With two good pulling guards—Joe DeLamielleure and Reggie McKenzie—in front of him, plus the blocking of Fullback Jim Braxton, Miller should do right well.

One reason Knox is unlikely to change his philosophy and put the ball in the air is his receiving talent—or lack of it. The only quality wide receiver is Bob Chandler, who is often double-covered and is not too fast, either. As a result, Quarterback Joe Ferguson throws too many interceptions—a league high of 24 last year.

The more the Buffalo offense runs the ball the more the Buffalo defense will stay off the field, which is the best place for it. The Bills are terribly weak on the line and at linebacker. The secondary, particularly Safety Tony Greene, who intercepted nine passes in 1977, is better than average, but too often it gets burned deep because opposing quarterbacks have time to count the house while waiting for receivers to get open.

After years of front-office power struggles, Knox now has full authority. Significantly, he has arrived with a few new scouts, who he hopes will improve the miserable drafting that has handicapped the Bills for a long time.

NEW YORK thinks it is headed in the right direction under President Jim Kensil and Coach Walt Michaels. However, with one of the youngest teams in football and one of the toughest schedules, its success is some time away. The best thing the Jets have going for them is young Quarterback Richard Todd, who has proved that he can unload the bomb as well as throw with touch. Wide Receiver Wesley Walker is tops in the NFL in average yards per catch at 21.1. Unfortunately, Walker also drops a few.

Todd has been intercepted more than he should be, one reason being that opponents could hang back and wait for the pass in the absence of a New York ground game. Trying to remedy this, Michaels has used his most recent first draft picks for massive offensive tackles, Marvin Powell and Chris Ward. Michaels has also tried to shift the emphasis on the Jets' defensive line from strength to speed by trading Tackle Carl Barzilauskas and End Richard Neal and switching to the 3–4. Nose Tackle Abdul Salaam's name means Soldier of Peace. Michaels hopes he isn't one.

CONTINUED



PATS' GRAY AND HANNAH, MIAMI'S SHULA AND GRIESE RATE HIGH

AFC Central

AMERICAN CONFERENCE CENTRAL DIVISION		WEEK 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	PREDICTION W L T	PCT.
1. PITTSBURGH	OPPONENT	BUF	SEA	CIN	CLE	NYJ	ATL	CLE	HOU	KC	NO	LA	CIN	SF	HOU	BAL	DEN		
	PREDICTED	+5	+13	+3	+9	+11	+9	+5	+5	+14	+11	−4	+7	+7	+1	+7	0	14 1 1	0 906
	ACTUAL																		
2. HOUSTON	OPPONENT	ATL	KC	SF	LA	CLE	OAK	BUF	PIT	CIN	CLE	NO	MIA	CIN	PIT	NO	SD		
	PREDICTED	+2	+8	+7	−3	+2	−3	+5	−5	−1	+6	+4	−1	+4	−1	+3	+2	10-6 0	0 625
	ACTUAL																		
3. CINCINNATI	OPPONENT	KC	CLE	PIT	NO	SF	MIA	NE	BUF	HOU	SD	OAK	PIT	HOU	ATL	LA	CLE		
	PREDICTED	+9	+2	−3	+6	+3	−6	−1	0	+1	−4	0	−7	−4	+5	−9	+6	7-7-2	0 500
	ACTUAL																		
4. CLEVELAND	OPPONENT	SF	CIN	ATL	PIT	HOU	NO	PIT	KC	BUF	HOU	DEN	BAL	LA	SEA	NYJ	CIN		
	PREDICTED	+3	−2	−2	−9	−2	0	−5	+3	+1	−6	−2	−5	−6	+2	+6	−6	5-10-1	0 344
	ACTUAL																		

PITTSBURGH, once the scourge of the National Football League, is today typical of the AFC Central. The division that built a reputation as the league's toughest during 1975 and 1976 retains the image but not the reality. These days football in the AFC Central is just mediocre. Still, despite their 1977 slump, the Steelers are potentially powerful. Coach Chuck Noll believes in a pounding ground game, led by Franco Harris who last year had his fourth straight 1,000-yard season. Injuries, however, cut Rocky Bleier's rushing production in half. Accordingly, the Steeler running attack dropped from first in the league to seventh. To compensate, Pittsburgh went to the air more often and in the process unearthed a powerful passing attack. It ranked first in the NFL in yards per completion. More important, with responsibility thrust upon him, Quarterback Terry Bradshaw matured into the team leader Noll has wanted him to be. Lynn Swann and John Stallworth are superior targets as wide receivers and Tight End Bennie Cunningham is a deep threat—he averaged more than 17 yards a catch in '77. But Bradshaw will have to cut down on those 19 interceptions.

Defensively, the Steelers fell off almost everywhere last year. Mean Joe Greene and Dwight White had subpar seasons on the line. Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert never returned to form after a holdout and Safety Mike Wagner missed 11 games with a cracked vertebra. Yet the Steelers were so strong that even in a declining year they were well above average in most defensive departments. Only four teams in the league were harder to run against and only two allowed a lower percentage of completions. The Steelers led the league in interceptions, the one defensive department in which they improved, with All-Pro Cornerback Mel Blount getting six. The secondary could be hurt by the loss of the other cornerback, J. T Thomas, who will miss this season because of a blood disorder. As a back-up for the position, Pittsburgh has its first-round draft choice, Ron Johnson from Eastern Michigan.

To bolster its punting game Pittsburgh drafted Tennessee's Craig Colquitt in the third round, forcing the involuntary retirement of Bobby Walden, who had lost both distance and height. After subtracting return yardage, Pittsburgh averaged only 25 yards a punt in 1977 and the team ranked a lowly 22nd against opponents' kickoff returns.

HOUSTON is the up-and-coming team in the division. An improving offense helped the Oilers win five of their last seven games and knock the Bengals out of the playoffs in the final week of the season. Then, during the off-season, despite a history of front-office bungling, Houston made the biggest gain in the AFC Central by dealing unproved Tight End Jimmy Giles and three draft choices to Tampa Bay for draft rights to Texas' Heisman Trophy-winning running back, Earl Campbell. And two weeks ago the Oilers picked up Wide Receiver Rich Caster of the Jets for two mid-round draft choices.

Another off-season coup for Houston management was signing Quarterback Dan Pastorini, who has asked to be traded in past seasons because of dissatisfaction with the Oiler offense. Campbell's signing and a bountiful six-year contract for Pastorini, making him one of the league's highest priced quarterbacks, helped change his outlook. Pastorini has one of the NFL's strongest arms but, like Bradshaw, he throws too many intereeptions.

In the past the strength of the Oiler offense has been the field position provided by the league's top kick returner, Billy (White Shoes) Johnson. Last year he led the league in punt returns with a 15.4-yard average, ranked fifth in kickoff returns and scored three return TDs. That return yardage is so important to Houston that even before Johnson's holdout caused him to miss training camp, the Oilers had planned to free him of pass-catching chores so he could concentrate on his specialty.

Now Campbell gives Coach Bum Phillips exactly what he has needed most on offense, power and speed up the middle and off tackle. In the past the Oilers have made do with a junk offense made up of draws, screens and bombs from Pastorini to Ken Burrough, who has averaged 52 yards on his 32 touchdowns in seven seasons with the Oilers. This year Houston should be able to try the ball-control type of game at which the Steelers excel.

The Oiler defense has been tough, if overworked. Only eight teams had more plays run against them than Houston last year. The Oilers' 3–4 alignment, featuring Linemen Elvin Bethea and Curley Culp and All-Pro Linebacker Robert Brazile, stopped the run cold, allowing fewer yards per rush than even the Steelers. But opponents could always go to the air for needed yardage. Willie Alexander is too slow on one corner, Zeke Moore too old on the other. Their backups and the safeties are inexperienced. Houston is clearly vulnerable, but potentially a solid winner if Campbell enables the offense to play keep-away.

CINCINNATI gets strong kicking from Punter Pat McInally and Placekicker Chris Bahr, but there are question marks almost everywhere else—and that despite the Bengals' recent batch of first-round draft choices. They have had seven in the last three years, a period in which they picked 16 more players from the draft's next three rounds. Still, they haven't come up with a game-breaker since selecting Wide Receiver Isaac Curtis in 1973. Now Curtis, too, is a dubious quantity after missing half a season with a knee injury. Meanwhile, four important starters—Tight End Bob Trumpy, Defensive End Coy Bacon, Cornerback Lemar Parrish and Safety Tommy Casanova—have either retired or been traded.

A healthy Curtis would make wide receiver the Bengals' top position. Billy Brooks, John McDaniel and McInally are all dependable pass catchers. Without the retired Trumpy, however, there is no strong tight-end candidate and Quarterback Ken Anderson is out for a month with a bone fracture in his hand. Anderson suffered the injury last week, not from a hit but when his hand struck a helmet on the follow-through as he was passing. Anderson's backup, John Reaves, is at best inconsistent.

The Bengals would benefit greatly from a dependable running attack; they had to go to the air more than all but four other teams last year. The jury is still out on Archie Griffin. But the jury is in on Boobie Clark. He refuses to apply himself the way he did as a rookie in 1973, and this year he reported to camp overweight.

Coach Bill Johnson won't miss Bacon, who popped off about the Bengals' coaching and was dealt with Parrish to Washington, because he is switching from the 4–3 to the 3–4. "I lost my guts not going to the 3–4 last year," he admits. "I didn't feel comfortable doing it." Cincinnati is well stocked with young linemen, including Ross Browner, a first-round pick from Notre Dame, and Eddie Edwards and Wilson Whitley, first-round choices last year. However, Johnson will miss Casanova, who has retired to devote full time to medical school, and Parrish. They were the most dependable backs, for what that's worth, in a secondary that last year ranked 21st in interceptions and 23rd in the percentage of passes opponents completed.

CLEVELAND badly needs more home-run punch. Like a team of singles hitters, the Browns have to put a lot of offense together to do any scoring. Last year only Miami achieved a greater first-down frequency than Cleveland, yet the Browns ranked 12th in points scored.

Greg Pruitt, who is nagged by injuries because of his small size, represents about 90% of the Browns' offense. He rushed for 1,086 yards in 1977—his third straight 1,000-yard season—and caught 37 passes for 471 more. Pruitt and Cleo Miller, small for a fullback at 214, helped the Browns rank third in the league in yards per rush. Unfortunately, Cleveland didn't capitalize on this strength, running the ball less than the average team.

With a high completion percentage, the Browns' passing attack seems effective, but appearances can be deceiving. The two leading receivers are the backs, Miller and Pruitt. The fastest receiver may well be Tight End Ozzie Newsome, a first-round draft choice from Alabama. What new Coach Sam Rutigliano needs is a deep threat. Sadly, even if the Browns had a wide receiver who could get open deep, weak-armed Quarterback Brian Sipe probably couldn't get the ball to him. When Sipe throws the ball upfield, instead of on the flank to his backs, he is often intercepted.

The Browns' defensive line sorely needs Tackle Jerry Sherk to make a healthy return from knee surgery. The unit is just average against the run and applies little pressure in passing situations. Fortunately, behind it is a solid linebacking corps led by Gerald Irons and bolstered by the addition of another rookie first-draft choice, Clay Matthews of USC. Matthews is the best of a good crop of Brown draftees. A few more drafts are needed, however, before the Browns can regain control of the AFC Central.

CONTINUED



CAMPBELL AND JOHNSON GIVE HOUSTON POWER AND POSITION

AFC West

AMERICAN CONFERENCE WESTERN DIVISION		WEEK 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	PREDICTION W-L-T	PCT
1. OAKLAND	OPPONENT	DEN	SD	GB	NE	CHI	HOU	KC	SEA	SO	KC	CIN	OET	SEA	OEN	MIA	MIN		
	PREDICTED	0	−1	+8	+1	+5	+3	+12	+8	+3	+8	0	+11	+13	+4	−5	+8	12-2-2	0 813
	ACTUAL																		
2. DENVER	OPPONENT	OAK	MIN	SD	KC	SEA	SD	CHI	BAL	SEA	NYJ	CLE	GB	DET	OAK	KC	PIT		
	PREDICTED	0	+3	+1	+8	+11	−2	+8	0	+7	+12	+2	+9	+8	−4	+12	0	11-2-3	0 781
	ACTUAL																		
3. SAN DIEGO	OPPONENT	SEA	OAK	OEN	GB	NE	OEN	MIA	OET	OAK	CIN	KC	MIN	KC	CHI	SEA	HOU		
	PREDICTED	+8	+1	−1	+8	−3	+2	−1	+7	−3	+4	+12	+2	+7	+9	+12	−2	11-5-0	0 688
	ACTUAL																		
4. KANSAS CITY	OPPONENT	CIN	HOU	NYG	DEN	BUF	TAM	OAK	CLE	PIT	OAK	SD	SEA	SD	BUF	DEN	SEA		
	PREDICTED	−9	−6	+1	−8	−7	+5	−12	−3	−14	−8	−12	+2	−7	−3	−12	−3	3-13-0	0 188
	ACTUAL																		
5. SEATTLE	OPPONENT	SO	PIT	NYJ	OET	OEN	MIN	GB	OAK	DEN	CHI	BAL	KC	OAK	CLE	SO	KC		
	PREDICTED	−9	−13	−1	0	−11	−3	−5	−8	−7	−6	−6	−2	−13	−2	−12	+3	1-14-1	0 094
	ACTUAL																		

OAKLAND was nudged out of first place last season for the first time in six years and only the second time in 11 years, but don't look for it to happen this time around. The Raiders are ahead of the rest of the AFC West in depth, and in a 16-game season that could be the crucial factor.

Nevertheless, the Raiders are vulnerable on defense. The fact is that most people attack them in the wrong place. To be sure, Oakland's secondary is inviting, particularly now that Safety George Atkinson has been released, Cornerback Skip Thomas has been waived after a bout with hepatitis and Cornerback Willie Brown is 37. The Raiders surrender too many bombs, but they also come up with a lot of interceptions, and should get even more with the acquisition of Cornerback Monte Jackson from the Rams.

A much safer and more promising route against Oakland is along the ground. Opponents ran fewer times against the Raiders than against any other team in football last year, yet Oakland allowed 4.3 yards a rush, one of the worst records in the league. Coach John Madden is aware of the weakness, even if no one else is. How else do you explain trading a first draft choice for Green Bay Defensive Tackle Mike McCoy, who has been waived? The most valuable Raider for defensive purposes is Punter Ray Guy, who keeps opponents miles away from the Oakland goal line.

The Raiders are the highest-scoring team in football because they do everything so well. Their image is that of a passing, daredevil team, but, in fact, Oakland runs more—a lot more—than any other team. And so they should, given that massive line led by the left side—Guard Gene Upshaw and Tackle Art Shell. Behind their blocking, Mark van Eeghen led the AFC with 1,273 yards rushing and Clarence Davis added 787 more.

Quarterback Ken Stabler is one of the game's most versatile throwers and he has every kind of receiver in the rugged Tight End Dave Casper, speedster Cliff Branch and sideline artist Fred Biletnikoff. Even so, the way to stop the Raiders is to force Stabler to the air, where at least you have a chance to intercept him. In Denver's first game against Oakland last year the Broncos shut down the Raider ground game and ended up with seven interceptions and a 30–7 win.

DENVER, the surprise of surprises, swept to the Super Bowl on the strength of its defense. To get back there, however, the Broncos must develop a more productive offense, and to do that they must get better line play. Fortunately, offensive lines and running attacks are Coach Red Miller's specialties. Miller has good enough runners in shifty Otis Armstrong and consistent Rob Lytle, but he could use more power out of the fullback position, where Jon Keyworth runs too upright. The Bronco backs find holes on the right side behind Guard Paul Howard and Tackle Claudie Minor, but not on the left, where Miller particularly needs help at tackle and an overall improvement in pass blocking. Quarterback Craig Morton was always under siege when he dropped back to pass last year.

The Denver passing attack occasionally caught teams by surprise with a deep gamble, but primarily it was carefully orchestrated to keep interceptions at a minimum. Hence the enormous number of sacks (50) but singularly few interceptions. Given better protection, Morton has all the receiving talent he needs for a strong passing game. Haven Moses is one of the best at running precise pass patterns. Jack Dolbin and Rick Upchurch supply downfield speed on the other side, and among tight ends Riley Odoms is a top receiver.

The Denver defense, which gave up the fewest points in the AFC, returns intact. A Mack truck would stall against the Broncos' 3–4 alignment. Its particular strength is the pursuit by its linebackers—Randy Gradishar, Tom Jackson, Joe Rizzo and Bob Swenson. Gradishar is the slowest—he may also be the best—and *he* can run 40 yards in 4.8 seconds.

Nor were Denver's skies friendly to the opposition. The

Broncos allowed plenty of short completions but little more. The line, particularly Defensive End Lyle Alzado, put on enough pressure to hurry quarterbacks, and the secondary picked off a slew of passes. Cornerback Louis Wright and Safety Billy Thompson both went to the Pro Bowl.

SAN DIEGO should be called Giants instead of Chargers. On the defensive line are Gary (Big Hands) Johnson and Louis Kelcher, the man with one of the biggest pairs of feet (size 16½EEEE) in the league. Milton Hardaway, a 6′ 9″, 312-pound tackle, is the biggest man in football. Joining him on the offensive line is 6′ 7″ Russ Washington, who this year reported at his lightest playing weight ever, 285 pounds. Then there is Guard Ed White, who probably has the NFL's biggest biceps. But don't overlook the forest because of a few redwoods. It is not merely the size of the Chargers that merits attention, but their ability.

To make the playoffs, however, San Diego will have to develop a more consistent offense by organizing a better running game and throwing less. White, obtained in a trade with Minnesota, should muscle open some holes for the ground attack. With him in the lineup, Guard Don Macek moves to center, where his strength should be an asset for neutralizing nose tackles in the 12 games San Diego will play against 3–4 defenses. To get White, the Chargers had to give the Vikings Rickey Young, an all-purpose running back, but Coach Tommy Prothro more than compensated for that loss by trading for Baltimore's Lydell Mitchell. Bo Matthews is a reliable blocking fullback, but is lacking in the catch-and-run department. Prothro upgraded Quarterback Dan Fouts' targets by drafting Wide Receiver John Jefferson of Arizona State in the first round. Jefferson should relieve the double coverage on Charlie Joiner, who at 31 has slowed markedly following knee surgery.

The strength of the Charger defense lies in an awesome young front four: Johnson, 6′ 8″ Leroy Jones, Fred Dean and Bigfoot Kelcher, who tips in at 282. The line is better than average against the run, and its pass rush has clearly helped an unheralded secondary rank among the league's best.

KANSAS CITY finished the 1977 season with a 2–12 record, the worst in the 18-year history of the franchise. In the process the Chiefs ranked dead last in the league on defense and set an NFL record for futility by allowing opponents almost 3,000 yards rushing.

In a year in which Linebackers Willie Lanier and Jim Lynch have retired, new Coach Marv Levy is converting the Chiefs to a 3–4 defense. His four top draft choices were all on defense, and the top three—Defensive Ends Art Still and Sylvester Hicks and Linebacker Gary Spani—will start immediately. The Chiefs hope that Still and Hicks can generate enough pressure to help the defense's one respectable unit, the secondary.

Levy plans to turn his offense into a ball-control unit, thereby helping the defense even more. Last year Kansas City gained more than four yards a rush but finished near the bottom of the league in total rushing plays. Meanwhile, the offensive line was permitting far too many sacks, and Quarterbacks Tony Adams and Mike Livingston (the latter is still trying to prove he is the Chiefs' leader after 10 seasons) were throwing interceptions all over the place. To promote more rushing, Levy will use a wing-T offense with three running backs and just one wide receiver. MacArthur Lane will be up near the line where he can better exploit his blocking and catching abilities.

SEATTLE lives and dies by the pass. The Seahawks surged to a 5–9 record last year largely on the strength of a league-leading 23 touchdown passes. Unfortunately, Seattle also threw 32 interceptions, the most in the league for the second year in a row, and opponents gained more per pass play against Seattle than against any other team. The Seahawks also led the league in points allowed.

Quarterback Jim Zorn is scatter-armed. Not only does he throw interceptions, his percentage of completions is poor (41%). But Zorn gains a lot of yardage with his passing, not to mention his scrambling. Wide Receiver Steve Largent (19.5 yards a catch) is his best target.

Seattle Coach Jack Patera would like to get more runs into his play mix. He has an improving young line and a top back in 6′ 4″, 225-pound Sherman Smith. For openers, what the Seahawks need is a better outside running game. That means more blocking from Tight End Ron Howard.

To improve his pass defense, Patera drafted Memphis State Cornerback Keith Simpson in the first round—only to have him pull a hamstring. The Seahawks need a sound Simpson to tackle as well as knock down passes, since they have been hurt by teams running wide. Despite its weakness against the run, Seattle will not follow a growing trend to the 3–4 but will stick with the 4–3.

CONTINUED



DENVER'S ALZADO SEASONS HIS DIET WITH MEN LIKE STABLER

NATIONAL CONFERENCE EASTERN DIVISION		WEEK 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	PREDICTION W L T	PCT
1. DALLAS	OPPONENT	BAL	NYG	LA	STL	WSH	NYG	STL	PHI	MIN	MIA	GB	NO	WSH	NE	PHI	NYJ	15 0 1	0 969
	PREDICTED	+8	+16	0	+13	+11	+19	+9	+14	+12	+1	+10	+14	+15	+7	+9	+13		
	ACTUAL																		
2. ST. LOUIS	OPPONENT	CHI	NE	WSH	DAL	MIA	BAL	DAL	NYJ	PHI	NYG	SF	WSH	PHI	DET	NYG	ATL	7-8-0	0 438
	PREDICTED	−1	−8	+3	−13	−10	−2	−9	+3	−1	+6	−1	−1	+3	+5	+3	+1		
	ACTUAL																		
3. WASHINGTON	OPPONENT	NE	PHI	STL	NYJ	DAL	DET	PHI	NYG	SF	BAL	NYG	STL	DAL	MIA	ATL	CHI	7 9 0	0 438
	PREDICTED	−10	+1	−3	+5	−11	−1	−2	+2	+1	−8	+7	+1	−15	−7	−6	+2		
	ACTUAL																		
4. PHILADELPHIA	OPPONENT	LA	WSH	NO	MIA	BAL	NE	WSH	DAL	STL	GB	NYJ	NYG	STL	MIN	DAL	NYG	5-10-0	0 375
	PREDICTED	−10	−1	−2	−8	−7	−10	+2	−14	+1	+2	+6	+3	−3	−5	−9	+8		
	ACTUAL																		
5. N.Y. GIANTS	OPPONENT	TAM	DAL	KC	SF	ATL	DAL	TAM	WSH	NO	STL	WSH	PHI	BUF	LA	STL	PHI	1 14 1	0 094
	PREDICTED	0	−16	−1	−4	−9	−19	+3	−2	−7	−8	−7	−3	−10	−13	−3	−6		
	ACTUAL																		

DALLAS could win this division playing its reserves, its only weakness being at placekicker. When All-Pro Efren Herrera demanded to renegotiate his contract, Dallas shipped him off to Seattle. But as scout Cornell Green says, "Maybe this team won't need to kick any field goals or extra points." Without the kicking scores the Cowboys still outscored opponents by 40 points last year.

On the way to the Super Bowl, Dallas led the NFL in both offense and defense. Two years ago it had a little trouble moving the ball on the ground, but that problem was solved by the rapid improvement of two young linemen, Tackle Pat Donovan and Guard Tom Rafferty, and by the addition of Tony Dorsett. Dorsett didn't start until the 10th game but nevertheless managed 1,007 yards, a total Coach Tom Landry termed "only average for him."

Dallas still throws more than most strong offensive teams, and why not? Wide Receiver Drew Pearson and Tight End Billy Joe DuPree are perennially in the Pro Bowl. Quarterback Roger Staubach, who says he is "36 going on 26," is accurate and rarely intercepted. Besides, most Cowboy passing plays start as if they are runs, and the threat of a Dorsett run freezes linebackers a long time.

Landry thinks his defense could be the Cowboys' best ever, coming off a season in which it ranked second in the league in sacks and, counting those as failed pass attempts, best in percentage of completions allowed: 36.4%. Harvey Martin, who unofficially led the NFL last year with 23 quarterback traps, is the game's best pass rusher. Martin believes his road to super stardom was paved by the arrival of Tackle Randy White as his next-door neighbor in the Cowboy line. And on the opposite flank, Ed (Too Tall) Jones has ambitions of outshining Martin. As if this front wall were not enough, the back wall is impregnable. Cliff Harris and Charlie Waters, both brutal tacklers and adept at stopping the pass and forcing the run, are the league's best tandem at safety.

WASHINGTON is no longer George Allen's team, but little has changed. The Redskins will still depend on defense for their wins. New Coach Jack Pardee, who learned some of his football from Allen as both player and assistant coach and whose Chicago Bears edged Allen's Redskins for a playoff berth last year, has upgraded the defensive unit. He traded a 1979 first draft choice—sound familiar?—to Cincinnati for Defensive End Coy Bacon and Cornerback Lemar Parrish. Parrish, a frequent All-Pro, takes over for Pat Fischer, who was injured last year and has now retired. With Parrish joining a fierce hitter, Ken Houston, in the secondary, Washington's pass defense will once more be among the league's best.

Bacon will be Washington's best pass rusher. The Redskins ranked fifth in sacks in 1977 but need more pressure from the front wall, particularly since Pardee plans to make extensive use of a 3–4 alignment. Adding the veteran Mike Curtis to Linebackers Harold McLinton, Chris Hanburger and the underrated Brad Dusek should help improve a defense that was just average in stopping the run.

The Redskins' chief weakness is on the offensive line, where Pardee has been juggling bodies almost everywhere. Last year the line allowed 52 sacks, second-poorest total in the league, and didn't open many holes, either. Pardee hopes to get more rushing yardage out of John Riggins, who missed more than half of last season after a knee injury, and Mike Thomas, who played hurt last year and this year is playing out his option. The Redskins need a running attack because they lack outstanding receivers. Joe Theismann may finally have beaten out Billy Kilmer, a winner in 50 of his 68 Redskin starts.

ST. LOUIS Coach Bud Wilkinson, away from football for 15 years, is decidedly not being cautious in his first foray into the pro game: he has switched the Cardinals to a 3–4 defense and added some hokey-pokey to his offense.

The 3–4 is tough to run against and should help a Car-

continued

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TASTE WINSTON LIGHTS



dinal defense that allowed opponents 4.35 yards a carry, ranking 26th. The only problem is that the 3–4 requires four linebackers and St. Louis has just one quality player at the position, Mark Arneson.

If opponents have trouble running against the Cardinals, recent history says they can always gobble up yardage through the air, St. Louis being particularly generous with passing touchdowns. Opponents avoid Cornerback Roger Wehrli and pick on the rest of the secondary. To make trips to the St. Louis goal line longer, Wilkinson used a first-round draft choice to get Arkansas Punter Steve Little.

Even with the trade of Wide Receiver Ike Harris and Guard Conrad Dobler to New Orleans and the defection of Running Back Terry Metcalf to Canada, the Cardinal offense can score points. Its strength is a superb line, headed by Tackle Dan Dierdorf, probably the game's best blocker, and Center Tom Banks. That line gives Quarterback Jim Hart the best protection in the conference and springs Cardinal runners, led by Wayne Morris, for more than four yards a rush. To keep defenses guessing about which is the strong side of the Cardinal offense, Wilkinson is using a Y-formation in which the tight end lines up directly behind the quarterback and doesn't shift up to the line of scrimmage until just before the snap of the ball.

Although this year's version will probably run the ball more than past Cardinal teams, Wilkinson also has a superior passing attack; St. Louis was No. 1 in net yards per pass play last year. Hart throws bombs as well as anyone, but he may discover that his favorite target, Mel Gray, who has averaged more than 20 yards a catch in his seven seasons, will get more double coverage with Harris and Metcalf missing.

PHILADELPHIA has been making progress. The Eagles showed improvement in almost every area last year, a tribute to third-year Coach Dick Vermeil, who has never had a first- or second-round draft choice.

Running back is the team's biggest weakness, just as it has been for almost a decade, but Vermeil is hoping that second-year man Wilbert Montgomery will pick up the team rushing total. If not, Philadelphia at least has a quality passer in Ron Jaworski. Jaworski has just one real target, however, 6′ 8″ Harold Carmichael, who has caught passes in his last 80 games. Too often the Polish Rifle tries to throw balls through defenders, which may have something to do with his NFC-high 21 interceptions in 1977. On hand to help solve the problem is former Bronco Head Coach John Ralston, whom Vermeil recruited to rethink the team's offense.

Vermeil also switched to a 3–4 defense last year, enabling the Eagles to cut opponents' scoring by more than 25%. The linebacking corps, headed by one of the NFL's best, Bill Bergey, deserves most of the credit. It helped an anonymous defensive line play better than average against the rush and finish tied for third in sacks in the NFL with 47. Meanwhile, the secondary made 21 interceptions, 11 of them by Safeties John Sanders and Randy Logan.

NEW YORK shows few signs of progress as Andy Robustelli begins his fifth season as something called Director of Operations. Under Andy, the team has not finished higher than fourth, and the talk this year of making the playoffs is pure fantasy. But the Giants' defense is testimony to some sort of building program. There is youth and ability up front in George Martin, John Mendenhall, Troy Archer and Gary Jeter. Veteran Jack Gregory rounds out a unit that recorded 37 sacks. The linebackers, particularly Harry Carson in the middle, are not bad. But if opponents can't go through this defense, they can easily go over it. New York's secondary is pitiful.

On offense the Giants are trying to operate without benefit of the forward pass. The two quarterbacks are fragile Jerry Golsteyn and Joe Pisarcik, who is gutty but short on ability. Together they completed just 43% of their passes last year, the second-poorest mark in the NFL. Tackle Gordon King, the team's first-round pick from Stanford, should help cut down on the team's 46 sackings.

Although the Giants don't pass very well, they don't run very well, either, ranking 25th in the league in yards per rush at 3.46 a carry. And though Fullback Larry Csonka had a 100-yard effort against Chicago in the last game of the 1977 season, it was his only such burst in three years. He was used hardly at all in the '78 preseason.

The Giant defense had better be good.

CONTINUED



COWBOY HARVEY MARTIN IS A COLLECTOR OF QUARTERBACKS

NATIONAL CONFERENCE CENTRAL DIVISION		WEEK 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	PREDICTION W L T	PCT
1. MINNESOTA	OPPONENT	NO	DEN	TAM	CHI	TAM	SEA	LA	OB	DAL	DET	CHI	SD	GB	PHI	DET	OAK		
	PREDICTED	+1	−3	+10	0	+7	+3	−7	+4	−12	+9	+4	−2	0	+5	+1	−9	9 5 2	0 625
	ACTUAL																		
2. CHICAGO	OPPONENT	STL	SF	DET	MIN	OAK	GB	DEN	TAM	DET	SEA	MIN	ATL	TAM	SD	GB	WSH		
	PREDICTED	+1	−1	+1	0	−5	−1	−9	+5	+4	+6	−4	0	+10	−9	+4	−2	7-7-2	0 500
	ACTUAL																		
3. GREEN BAY	OPPONENT	DET	NO	OAK	SD	DET	CHI	SEA	MIN	TAM	PHI	DAL	DEN	MIN	TAM	CHI	LA		
	PREDICTED	0	+1	−9	−9	+3	+1	+5	−4	+9	−2	−10	−9	0	+4	−4	−14	6-9-2	0 438
	ACTUAL																		
4. DETROIT	OPPONENT	GB	TAM	CHI	SEA	GB	WAS	ATL	SD	CHI	MIN	TAM	OAK	DEN	STL	MIN	SF		
	PREDICTED	0	+4	−1	0	−3	+1	−6	−7	−4	−9	+7	−11	−9	−5	−1	+1	4-10-2	0 313
	ACTUAL																		
5. TAMPA BAY	OPPONENT	NYG	DET	MIN	ATL	MIN	KC	NYO	CHI	GB	LA	DET	BUF	CHI	GB	SF	NO		
	PREDICTED	0	−4	−10	−9	−7	−5	−3	−5	−9	−20	−7	−7	−10	−4	−9	−4	0-15-1	0 031
	ACTUAL																		

MINNESOTA keeps hanging on, but winning in this division is getting tougher and the Vikings aren't world-beaters at defending against the run. The defensive line still exhibits the ancient trio of Alan Page, Carl Eller and Jim Marshall. Their strength has always been rushing the passer, but they aren't even particularly good at that anymore. Eller is 36, Marshall 40, and Page, who has weighed as much as 260 but has now dropped to 225, is 33. Opponents are running at the Vikes more and more often, which makes sense—Minnesota allowed the opposition 4.05 yards a carry last year. This year Coach Bud Grant may substitute more freely with three recent first draft picks, Defensive Ends Mark Mullaney and Randy Holloway and Defensive Tackle James (Duck) White.

Minnesota can generally cut off the pass whenever opponents are forced to the air, but Safety Paul Krause, who is only one interception away from Emlen Tunnell's NFL career record of 79, has slowed noticeably.

The Viking offense depends a great deal on the Viking line, which has never quite lived up to its potential. Moreover, the team has been hurt by the loss of Guard Ed White, who forced the trade that sent him to San Diego for Running Back Rickey Young. Despite the skills of Chuck Foreman, who last year gained 1,112 yards, the Vikes' running game is not overpowering.

Quarterback Fran Tarkenton returns for his 18th pro season, and he understands better than anyone in the game how effective dumping the ball off to backs can be. The acquisition of Young, an all-purpose back, gives Tarkenton another handy target Understandably, with all those pop shots, the Vikes lead the league in percentage of completions. Not that Tarkenton is limited to short passes. In Ahmad Rashad, No. 1 in the NFC with 51 catches last year, and speedy Sammy White (18.5 yards a reception), Tarkenton has as good a pair of deep receivers as any in the NFL.

CHICAGO has Walter Payton, the league MVP and leading rusher with 1,852 yards. He is showcasing his talents by playing out his option after turning down a contract that called for $1,170,000 over the next three years. New Coach Neill Armstrong is planning to run Payton less and pass to him more so he will be hard-pressed to top last season's performance. Last year the star running back caught 27 passes for 269 yards.

Payton is helped by a superb line that has depth. Lionel Antoine, a former first draft choice, can't win a job at tackle because he has two other No. 1s, Ted Albrecht and Dennis Lick, playing in front of him. In 1977 the Bears were the only team in football to average more than 200 yards a game running. The passing attack, however, is just mediocre. Quarterback Bob Avellini has only one quality receiver, James Scott, who finished second in the NFC with 50 catches.

The Bears are looking for a player to take charge of their defense. Last year, with End Wally Chambers injured, Chicago sagged badly against the run, and the number of sacks fell from 49 to 27. Now Chambers has been traded to Tampa Bay. Hoping to replace his attributes, Chicago traded for San Francisco Defensive End Tommy Hart, who is 33 and had an off year in 1977 followed by knee surgery. Armstrong intends to have the defensive line do a lot of slanting and stunting to compensate for its inability to overpower opponents one-on-one The new coach will also have the defenses signaled in from the sideline. A defensive strength is the secondary, which allowed only seven touchdown passes last year

GREEN BAY's major lesson from 1977 is that it must generate more offense. The Packers scored fewer than 10 points in half their games and got just five touchdowns rushing and six passing. Coach Bart Starr has attempted to spread opposing defenses by drafting a badly needed deep threat, Wide Receiver James Lofton from Stanford. Unfortunately, Starr has lost his top quarterback, Lynn Dickey, who broke

a leg in the 10th game last year and has not fully recovered. That leaves the signal calling to second-year man David Whitehurst, an eighth-round draft choice last year from Furman. He has a good arm and mobility but is woefully inexperienced. What's worse, Whitehurst has no running game to fall back on. Chester Marcol, one of the league's best placekickers, does compensate a little for Green Bay's offensive shortcomings.

Starr's critics say he has concentrated too heavily in past drafts on defense. The defense *is* showing improvement, even though it spends too much time on the field to be really effective. Starr is thinking of occasionally using a 3–4 alignment, because the Packers were below average against the run last year. But Green Bay defenses the pass well and the Packer line, led by End Mike Butler, puts pressure on opposing quarterbacks.

The team's strongest unit is the secondary, which calls itself SWAT and is composed of Cornerbacks Willie Buchanon and Mike McCoy and Safeties Johnnie Gray and Steve Luke. Although they made only 13 interceptions and allowed a higher percentage of completions than any team in football last year, they kept opponents from connecting on long passes, permitting only 10 touchdowns through the air.

DETROIT owner William Clay Ford has made a major change in the Lions' organizational philosophy by turning full control of his football operation over to new Coach Monte Clark. In the past, personnel matters were handled by General Manager Russ Thomas, who stood pat with a weak hand for too long. As Clark has pointed out, "This team didn't have a player in the Pro Bowl, so how good can the talent be?"

Fortunately for the Lions, Clark has a reputation for motivating lesser talent. He is also adept at building offensive lines, a real problem area for Detroit, which has given Quarterback Greg Landry the league's worst protection in each of the last two years. And Landry needs a lot of time before the Lions' receivers can get open. Only Luther Blue has speed at wide receiver, and he has trouble catching the football.

Nor has the line opened many holes for a good set of running backs. Dexter Bussey has the quickness to be a big gainer if he can stay healthy. If former No. 1 draft choice Lawrence Gaines, a 240-pounder, recovers from his third knee operation, he could give Detroit power at fullback. Whoever plays, Clark will use the run more than past Lion coaches have.

Detroit's defensive line should be helped by the menacing 6′ 6″, 260-pound rookie defensive end, Al (Bubba) Baker. At Colorado State, Baker—a menace even to himself—branded a "B" onto his biceps with a shaped and heated coat hanger. Detroit plays the run well and puts adequate pressure on the quarterback. However, the secondary, particularly Cornerback James Hunter, too often gets burned deep. First draft choice Luther Bradley, a defensive back from Notre Dame has replaced Lem Barney who was waived. Punter Tom Skladany, acquired from Cleveland, should keep opponents at least a bomb's distance from the goal line.

TAMPA BAY has the longest winning streak in the NFC Central—the Bues' two wins at last season's end, over New Orleans and St. Louis—and that bas given Coach John McKay's troops a positive attitude. Now, if the Bucs just had an offense.

Last year Tampa Bay ranked dead last in yards per rush, yards per pass and points. The team was shut out six times. Its offensive line is too much of a disaster area for the Bucs to expect much improvement. Still, there is hope in other quarters. Rookie Quarterback Doug Williams, a first draft choice out of Grambling, has the arm if not the experience to unseat veterans Gary Huff and Mike Boryla. Second draft choice Johnny Davis from Alabama is a piano-playing, gospel-singing, fieree-blocking addition at fullback. He should help last year's top draft choice, Ricky Bell, improve on his 436 yards of rushing.

Defensively, the Bucs are showing signs of maturity. McKay's 3–4 defense is tough to run against. The two Selmons, Defensive End Lee Roy and Linebacker Dewey, and Linebacker David Lewis all appear headed for stardom. Dave Pear is one of pro football's better nose tackles. The front wall could help Tampa Bay's only-average pass defense, however, by applying more pressure. McKay hopes to get a semblance of a pass rush from former All-Pro Wally Chambers, who brought a bad knee from Chicago in return for next year's first draft pick. Some Buc observers fear that trade is an ominous sign of impatience on the part of McKay.

CONTINUED



PAYTON (TOP) AND FOREMAN ARE A PAIR OF THOROUGHBREDS

NATIONAL CONFERENCE WESTERN DIVISION		WEEK 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	PREDICTION W-L-T	PCT
1. LOS ANGELES	OPPONENT	PHI	ATL	DAL	HOU	NO	SF	MIN	NO	ATL	TAM	PIT	SF	CLE	NYG	CIN	GB		
	PREDICTED	*+10*	*+9*	*0*	*+3*	*+9*	*+12*	*+7*	*+13*	*+8*	*+20*	*+4*	*+8*	*+8*	*+13*	*+9*	*+14*	*15-0-1*	*0.969*
	ACTUAL																		
2. ATLANTA	OPPONENT	HOU	LA	CLE	TAM	NYG	PIT	DET	SF	LA	SF	NO	CHI	NO	CIN	WSH	STL		
	PREDICTED	−2	−9	+2	+8	+9	−8	+8	+1	−6	+5	0	0	+5	−5	+6	−1	8-6-2	0.563
	ACTUAL																		
3. S. FRANCISCO	OPPONENT	CLE	CHI	HOU	NYG	CIN	LA	NO	ATL	WSH	ATL	STL	LA	PIT	NO	TAM	DET		
	PREDICTED	−3	+1	−7	+4	−3	−12	+2	−1	−1	−5	+1	−8	−7	−3	+9	−1	5-11-0	0.313
	ACTUAL																		
4. NEW ORLEANS	OPPONENT	MIN	GB	PHI	CIN	LA	CLE	SF	LA	NYG	PIT	ATL	DAL	ATL	SF	HOU	TAM		
	PREDICTED	−1	−1	+2	−6	−9	0	−2	−13	+7	−11	0	−14	−5	+3	−3	+4	4-10-2	0.313
	ACTUAL																		

LOS ANGELES should have little or no trouble winning its sixth straight NFC West title even if owner Carroll Rosenbloom decides to do the coaching himself or turn the job over to his new cheerleading squad, the Embraceable Ewes. Although Rosenbloom's maneuverings since the end of last season seem calculated to bring the Rams down to the level of the rest of the division, this team has too much talent to fall that far.

First, Rosenbloom, or "C.R.," as he is called, ousted Chuck Knox, the coach of the five previous title winners. Among his sins was the fact that his team was playing dull football. To put more pizzazz into the Ram offense, Rosenbloom imported George Allen, a curious choice since Allen is a noted defensive strategist. Allen got off to a shaky start at training camp when he angered Ram veterans by keeping them on the practice field 5½ hours a day. After two exhibition losses—and seven points worth of offense—C.R. fired Allen, replacing him with Ray Malavasi. Malavasi's credentials for jazzing up the Ram offense include five years as defensive coordinator under Knox.

Fortunately, the Rams play enough defense to make the offense almost inconsequential. The defensive line play slipped a little last year when Merlin Olsen retired, but Los Angeles is still near the top of the league in stopping the run, and Jack Youngblood and Fred Dryer may be the quickest pair of defensive ends in the game. Moreover, L.A. rates high at holding opponents to scanty passing yardage and in interceptions. And the defense has depth. Cornerback Monte Jackson, one of the league's best, became disgruntled and was traded to Oakland, but the Rams have capable men in Rod Perry and Pat Thomas. Perry intercepted eight passes two years ago. Last year when Perry broke his thumb, Thomas moved in and picked off five.

The strength of the Ram offense is a set of fine running backs that should again put L.A. near the lead in ground yardage. Lawrence McCutcheon's 1,238 yards in 1977 made him the alltime Ram rushing leader, and John Cappelletti is a workhorse and a good receiver. In 1977 Cappelletti and McCutcheon gathered in 53 passes between them.

The temptation in Los Angeles is to run the ball on every play. That sort of thinking got Knox fired. C.R. wants excitement, which means passing. With Pat Haden the Rams are capable of an effective short passing game; if he goes long a lot, L.A. could be exciting in ways C.R. might not relish. The key to pleasing Rosenbloom is getting the ball deep. A big lift could come from Receiver Ron Jessie, on his feet again after knee surgery. Two years ago he averaged a whopping 23 yards a catch. Last year the Rams got only four-fifths of their 1976 passing yardage.

ATLANTA Coach Leeman Bennett richly deserved his NFC Coach of the Year awards in 1977. The previously hapless Falcons rose to .500 and showed improvement in almost every statistical department. Under the leadership of Bennett and General Manager Eddie LeBaron they should keep getting better.

Atlanta's biggest question mark is at quarterback. June Jones III, an unknown, is scheduled to start in the opener. Injury-prone Steve Bartkowski has never lived up to his potential. He missed half of last season, and the Falcons, under journeyman Scott Hunter, had a miserable passing attack. In the receiving corps only 152-pound Alfred Jenkins has the speed to run deep patterns.

Understandably, Atlanta stayed mostly on the ground last season, running almost twice for every pass. The line is young and a potential source of great strength. Tackle Warren Bryant and Guard R. C. Thielemann made the All-Rookie team in 1977, and this year Atlanta added another massive tackle, No. 1 draft choice Mike Kenn from Michigan. Unfortunately, the Falcon backs aren't of the same caliber, despite Haskel Stanback's 873 yards last year. Atlanta badly needs the speed that former No. 1 draft choice Bubba Bean could provide if he regains his pre-knee surgery fitness.

Atlanta's constant running last season, combined with a tight pass defense that did not surrender easy scores, enabled the team to set an NFL record for least points allowed—129. The defensive unit boasts few stars but plays

particularly well as an ensemble, another tribute to Bennett's coaching. The line, led by All-Pro Claude Humphrey, is better than average against the run and applies strong pressure on opposing passers, averaging three sacks a game. That in turn helps a secondary that figures to get its share of interceptions. Cornerback Rolland Lawrence is the top thief. The Falcons gave up fewer than 100 passing yards a game and Atlanta's deep backs will be hard pressed to duplicate that performance.

Atlanta's style of play produces low-scoring games in which a field goal can be critical, but the Falcons are making do with a less than first-rate placekicker, Fred Steinfort.

SAN FRANCISCO General Manager Joe Thomas, as usual, has made bold moves to upgrade his team. He has also—surprise!—brought in a new coach. The latter's name is Pete McCulley and he has generally received good reviews, as opposed to predecessor Ken Meyer, who was plagued by bad notices from the start of training camp last season. Things are looking up in the Bay Area, but the 49ers are at least one draft, if not two, away from being playoff caliber.

Thomas' biggest deal, of course, brought O. J. Simpson to town for a slew of draft choices. This may help more at the gate—season-ticket sales are up by more than $800,000—than on the playing field. Last year the 49ers had one of the league's best pairs of backs in Delvin Williams, whom Thomas traded to Miami, and Wilbur Jackson, who is injured and out for the season, but they were stymied by a poor line. To help open holes for Simpson, Thomas picked Tight End Ken MacAfee and Guard Ernie Hughes from Notre Dame and Guard Walt Downing from Michigan in the first three rounds of the draft.

If these three rookies prove out, they could take some pressure off Quarterback Jim Plunkett, who has been sacked frequently. Plunkett seems more confident after four months of private tutelage under McCulley, but he still must prove he has overcome a tentative, sometimes awkward manner. At least he should get better field position. San Francisco greatly improved its kick-return game by acquiring ex-Dolphin Freddie Solomon and ex-Redskin Larry Jones.

Thomas traded veteran Defensive End Tommy Hart to Chicago, but the 49ers are still strong in front with Cedrick Hardman, Jimmy Webb and Cleveland Elam (the last will move over from tackle to Hart's spot). Unfortunately, Hardman and Co. can't disguise the deficiencies of the secondary, which, among other things, must discover that intercepting the football isn't a sin. Second-year Free Safety Vern Roberson, acquired from Miami along with Solomon, might help a little, but opponents should still be able to beat the 49ers by passing.

NEW ORLEANS enters its 12th NFL season still seeking its first winning record. The Saints have come up with some jazzy players at the skill positions, but they are woefully weak in the trenches.

The biggest problem has been front-office bungling, which is why many say the Saints could improve themselves most by trading owner John Mecom Jr. Between 1969 and 1975 the Saints used three first-round draft picks and two high seconds for offensive linemen, yet they are still juggling personnel and trying to keep Quarterback Archie Manning from getting killed. Nevertheless, Chuck Muncie and Tony Galbreath, who weigh 220 and 230 respectively, are such punishing runners that the Saints have a reasonable ground attack. Unfortunately, they have had a tendency to run much less than the average team. New Coach Dick Nolan will use that running power more often. A big boost to the Saints' passing attack could come from first-round draft choice Wes Chandler, a speedy wide receiver from Florida who was the third draft choice in pro football last May and should be its most exciting newcomer.

But no amount of offense can compensate for New Orleans' defense, the most-scored-upon in the NFL in 1977. Nolan's first priority is to beef up the pass rush. Last year's first draft choice, Defensive End Joe Campbell, could be a large asset if he can learn to rely more on finesse and less on brute strength. Nolan plans to feed the Saints small doses of the flex defense, which he helped Tom Landry install at Dallas when he was an assistant coach there. But with all the Saints' defensive woes, the team went out this year and used its first two draft choices for offensive players. Oh, well... END



THE JUICE, NOW A 49ER, WILL GET SQUEEZED BY L.A. DEFENSE

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

WILL THERE BE LIGHT FOR THE FIGHT?



A 200-MILE BLACKOUT, SAYS ELLIS RUBIN, IS MIGHTY DARK

When last we left Miami Attorney Ellis Rubin, it was 1972 and he was battling Commissioner Pete Rozelle and the NFL over a 75-mile television blackout of Super Bowl VI, played in New Orleans' Sugar Bowl. That action led to the so-called stadium sellout rule—which the league says it will observe again this season—and it was a worthy prelude to Rubin's latest crusade. This time he hopes to prevent a 200-mile TV and radio blackout of the Sept. 15 Ali-Spinks title fight in the New Orleans Superdome, a scheme that could leave some seven million folks in the dark on that Friday night.

It was a matter of megabucks. Along comes a group of businessmen called Louisiana Sports, Inc., which guarantees promoter Bob Arum of Top Rank $3 million if he will stage the fight in New Orleans. That sum assured, Arum then sells the U.S. broadcast rights to ABC for $5 million. Superdome tickets are scaled from $200 for what will be the world's biggest ringside—some 15,000 field-level seats extending for 40 rows—to $25 for the far-away stands. With this configuration, a sellout of 82,000 seats would bring the Louisiana businessmen a $7 million gross. Then comes the zinger: to make all this possible, the promoters impose the 200-mile blackout, with ABC as the reluctant tagalong. In addition to all of Louisiana, the blackout will spill over into three neighboring states and such sizable cities as Jackson, Miss., Mobile, Ala. and Pensacola, Fla., and for the first time ever radio would be shut off as well. This was last May; in early August a Louisiana citizens group put in a call for Rubin.

The Ralph Nader-like, public-advocate role that this is guarantees that a man will get his lumps, and Ellis Rubin has them aplenty. In his years of attacking the NFL blackouts, Rubin filed 11 lawsuits and lost all of them, but managed to attain his goal because the publicity he generated prompted the Congress to intervene. "It's doing it the hard way," Rubin says, "but someone has to do it." No sooner had Rubin popped up in New Orleans, working without a fee, than Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards told him to go home and mind his own business. Then the local promoters became as stirred up as the citizens. Sherman Copelin of Louisiana Sports said some $2.7 million in tickets had been sold. It would take at least $3.5 million to break even, he said, and Rubin's campaign could only hurt sales. (By the end of last week, total sales were said to be up to $3.3 million.) When some of the local citizens proposed a protest march on the Superdome, Rubin advised against it, citing "threats that have been made. There have been acts of violence around the Superdome." There also had been talk of lawsuits from Rubin's group, which exercised Louisiana Sports President Don Hubbard even further. "The next time that Florida dude opens his mouth about lifting the blackout, I'm going to sue *him*," Hubbard said. "Most definitely there will be a blackout." Said Copelin, "We are on sound legal ground. I assure you we have some of the most sound legal minds in the country."

But Rubin and his associates think the legal ground is shaky. "I can't understand how people who are paying for the very stadium in which the fight will be held can be denied seeing this event," he said. "As for the governor's request, I would, indeed, go home, except that Pensacola is blacked out, too, and I'm from Florida. If Governor Edwards would speak up for the people, I would not have to be here."

Rubin scoffs at the theory that lifting the blackout would hurt the live gate. "Not true," he says. "As we proved in fighting the Super Bowl blackouts that eventually were lifted, people are coming from all over the world to see this one event. The promoters will make the greatest profit for any single sporting event in history on this fight. I don't think anyone should be required to guarantee a promoter that every seat in the house must be sold. I think the rights of the people should prevail."

Meanwhile, ABC and affiliate stations that would be blacked out are caught in the middle. "Of course we'd love to carry the fight," says Bob Olson, general manager of New Orleans' WVUE-TV. "This 200-mile radius is most unusual. By not carrying it, we're losing money." In New York, John Martin, vice-president of programming for ABC Sports, expressed concern about the extent of the blackout. "We don't know why it had to be so large, but Arum's agreement was with the Louisianans, and the limits were already set," said Martin. "It's always the guy concerned with the gate who controls the blackout area." In its press releases, ABC has carefully avoided the phrase "nationwide telecast."

The next couple of weeks will determine the outcome of this latest Battle of New Orleans. For the moment, the Federal Trade Commission is looking the other way. "Go see the Federal Communications Commission," it told Rubin. The FCC, in turn, told his group in New Orleans to go to the FTC. But Rubin's campaign has now stirred the interest of U.S. Attorneys in the four major cities involved and three of the four state attorneys general. If they don't sue, says Rubin, he will. And as a last resort, he plans to conduct a radio talkathon in New Orleans this week to drum up more support. It might turn out, he says, that the fighters themselves could turn the trick.

"Leon Spinks has already spoken out against the blackout," Rubin says. "He would like to have a bigger audience see him fight. But Ali is still the big guy in terms of draw. If Ali should refuse to fight unless the blackout was lifted, that would do it. If Ali is listening, I hope he'll call me." END



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J. R. Richard, tallest man in the game, may become the first righty in the National League to strike out 300 in a season

Sweet whiff of success

At 6′ 8½″, James Rodney Richard, a 28-year-old pitcher for the Houston Astros, has been the tallest man in major league baseball ever since he came up from Denver in 1974, but this year he has proved that he is still growing, at least artistically. As of last Saturday, when Richard beat the Pirates 7–2 on a nifty six-hitter, his record was 14–11 and he led the major leagues in strikeouts with 244. That total—39 more than California's Nolan Ryan, in second place, had achieved—gave Richard an average of 8.41 strikeouts per start and 9.72 for every nine innings he has worked. Holding those averages through seven more starts, which Richard is likely to get before the season ends, would enable him to finish with more than 300 strikeouts and make him the first righthander in the modern history of the National League to exceed that mark in a single season.

It is hardly surprising that batters find Richard so difficult to hit. For one thing, his speed is overpowering. Radar has clocked his fastball at 98 miles per hour and his slider at 94. Richard's height is another factor. With a high overhand delivery off the 10-inch mound, he can release the ball from a point more than nine feet above home plate. Add to this his enormously long stride and batters get the impression they are facing someone who is throwing at them too fast from too close and too great a height.

"When he pushes off that mound and lets the ball go," says the Pirates' Dave Parker, victim of two of Richard's eight strikeouts Saturday, "he looks like he's 10 feet away from you instead of 60. It causes you to lean a little bit and makes you think you have to swing the bat quicker. That makes his off-speed stuff work better, too. I think once he improves his control, he's going to be one of the best pitchers in the game."

According to the figures, Richard is *already* one of the best pitchers in the game. He won 20 games in 1976 for the lowly Astros, 18 last year and each year struck out 214. Too often, however, Richard would suffer one disastrous inning—a barrage of base hits or a parade of walks, or both. Sometimes his gigantic pitching motion would go out of sync and he would overstride, rushing his delivery *or* trying to throw harder than his maximum. These flaws have been somewhat cured in sessions with Pitching Coach Mel Wright. Along with greater concentration, form improvement has enabled Richard to finish a higher proportion of his starts and increase his strikeout total by 85 over the figure for the same number of starts last season.

Not that Richard has totally eliminated the one-inning blues. In a recent Monday night TV contest against the Cubs he suffered his familiar lapse at the least opportune moment. He had scattered four singles without a walk through the first seven innings, but in the eighth, with an 8–0 lead and two out, he walked three straight batters, gave up a two-run single and walked Bobby Murcer to reload the bases. Richard was relieved by Joe Sambito and Houston won 8–3.

"It hasn't been a strength or stamina problem," Richard explains, "because that same sort of thing has happened to me at the start of the game, or in the second inning, when I'm not tired at all. It's more mental. I should be thinking, 'Just get the ball over the plate,' rather than trying to throw it 300 miles an hour. When your rhythm is right, it will take care of velocity. You've just got to think—and stay with it at all times."

Toward that end, Richard on the mound is a deadpan quasi-robot. Off the mound he is an animated, friendly man who delights in talking about his wife and five children or detailing his fishing exploits. But not to his teammates in the dugout during a game.

"A lot of guys lose their concentration between innings," he says. "I found that's been part of my problem, so I'd rather just sit there and not say much. I don't care about jivin'. I want to keep my mind

continued

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on what I'm doing. As far as my attitude toward the batter, I figure the guy is out there to do his job, too. If he does—gets a base hit or something—it takes that much away from me, from my family, bread off my table, and money out of my pocket."

The concentration seems to have paid off. Along with more strikeouts, Richard has a 2.99 ERA and should set a personal high this season for complete games and fewest hits allowed per nine innings. He could also have another 20-victory season, even though the Astros' injury-torn lineup has at times during the year lost the big bats of Cesar Cedeno and Bob Watson, among others.

"I can't win games all by myself," Richard says. "I can't just go out and do my job and have that be all there is to it. There are nine of us, and everyone's got to do it. This year I did think we were going to win our division. At the start of the season I thought there was great potential on the ball club, that I had the possibility of winning 30 games. But then a lot of guys got hurt and luck didn't fall our way."

Richard signed with the Astro organization shortly after he graduated in 1969 from tiny Lincoln High School of Ruston, La., where he had a 0.00 ERA his senior year and hit four consecutive homers for 10 RBIs in a—brace yourself—48–0 triumph. A three-sport star in the town that gave Bert Jones to the NFL, Richard sorted through no fewer than 200 basketball scholarship offers before he decided that baseball would be the wisest course to take.

"There were other guys in my high school with as much ability as I had," Richard says, "but instead of working at a job, they wanted to drink wine on Saturday nights. They thought that was the in thing to do, and consequently our lives went in different directions. For some people, it takes that to make a world. It doesn't for me."

"Richard's gotten tougher over the years because he's kept working at what he does," says Pirate Manager Chuck Tanner. "A lot of players get to this level and think it's over."

"I know I'm getting better," Richard says. "I'm always learning more about the game, so it's just a matter of time before I get the most out of me."

The most out of 6′ 8½″, 237-pound James Rodney Richard should be something to see.

THE WEEK

(August 20-26)

by KENT HANNON

AL WEST California Manager Jim Fregosi and Pitching Coach Marv Grissom had just finished mapping out how they were going to win the West Division championship—that is, start Frank Tanana and Nolan Ryan in 21 of the Angels' last 37 games—when Ryan suffered a separated rib in a game against Baltimore. Coming out of the game after striking out eight men in seven innings, Ryan's condition was serious enough to warrant the attention not only of California doctors Jules Rasinski and Lewis Yocum, but of a guest in owner Gene Autry's private box, Richard Nixon. "He was concerned about the problem," Ryan said after a conversation with Nixon. "The Angels have a superb come-from-behind record [23 victories] under Fregosi," Nixon told Ryan. "That bodes well for the future."

Despite a 2–3 week by California, the Royals (2–4) dropped half a game out of first place, mainly because their bats were both literally and figuratively sawed out of their hands. Kansas City scored only 15 runs all week with George Brett and Tom Poquette extending their hitless streaks to 0 for 16 and 0 for 21. As if that wasn't enough insult for one week, Hal McRae, who was on an 0-for-11 tear himself, had his bat impounded by Umpire Jerry Neudecker because the White Sox claimed it contained cork to give the ball more spring when McRae connects. In the umpires' room the next night a Sox maintenance man sawed McRae's favorite bat into six pieces. The verdict: no cork.

Texas (4–3) yo-yoed back up above .500 and was again talking about winning the division. The Rangers beat Kansas City twice, once on a grand-slam homer by Richie Zisk—one of three hit in the majors Friday night—and then again Saturday night as Dock Ellis recorded his ninth win.

It was not a pleasant week for Oakland (0–6) or its talented young righthander, Matt Keough. On Sunday, Keough was walking off the mound certain that he had struck out Boston's Jerry Remy to end a fifth-inning threat, only to have Umpire Ed Merrill rule that Remy had foul-tipped the ball. Since the A's catcher had not caught the pitch cleanly, that gave Remy another chance, and he promptly deposited a three-run homer in the rightfield seats to give the Red Sox a 4–2 victory. Then Saturday night against the Yankees, Keough thought he had Outfielder Gary Thomasson struck out in the third inning. Nope, said the third-base umpire upon appeal. Keough then walked Thomasson, putting runners on first and second. Bucky Dent sacrificed them to second and third, and Keough promptly threw two consecutive wild pitches to score both men. Manager Jack McKeon contributed to the A's miseries by oversubstituting in a game against the Orioles. Forced to use two outfielders and a catcher as infielders for the last two innings, McKeon watched Miguel Dilone, who hadn't played third base since the minor leagues, make two errors in the 10th to help lose the game 6–4.

Inconsistent as ever, the Twins followed a 9–2 surge by losing all seven games last week. The losses were harder to take than usual because in three of them ex-Twins now with Toronto—Alvis Woods, Luis Gomez and Dave McKay—had a hand in beating their old club. Woods had four hits in the first Blue Jay win and drove in four runs in the next one. Gomez had three hits in the third, which McKay ultimately won with a home run in the bottom of the 10th. Another Minnesota defeat came when Texas' Steve Comer, a University of Minnesota star who grew up only a few miles from Metropolitan Stadium, shut out the Twins on six hits. Minnesota failed to draft Comer despite a 30–9 record in college, so he signed with the Rangers as a free agent.

Going nowhere, the White Sox (3–3) had some fun knocking the Royals out of first place. Lefty Ken Kravec did the job one night, 3–0, with a walk-free four-hitter, as Claudell Washington singled in two runs. Chicago won again 4–1 when Eric Soderholm drove in three runs with a pair of doubles to give rookie righthander Mike Proly his second victory in a row.

Seattle (3–2) also played spoiler, taking two from Boston. Glenn Abbott won 5–2, outdueling Luis Tiant with a five-hitter.

CAL 70–60 KC 68–59 TEX 64–63 OAK 62–69
MINN 56–74 CHI 54–73 SEA 49–79

AL EAST Well on his way to being named the American League's Most Valuable Player, Boston's Jim Rice blasted three more homers to reach 33 for the year and strengthen his bid for the Triple Crown. Rice is comfortably ahead in home runs (Milwaukee's Larry Hisle is next with 29) and runs batted in (he has 109 to Rusty Staub's 102). Minnesota's Rod Carew leads in he batting race with a .338 mark, but Rice is second at .326. All of which may explain why Rice bristled at criticism leveled at the Red Sox offense by Pitcher Mike Torrez, who had just been beaten 5–3 by last-place Seattle. "We've got to stop going for home runs and get back to bunts, hit-and-runs and the little things it takes to win games," said Torrez. To which Rice, speaking for the hitters, replied, "Hey, we're losing games because Torrez is nibbling at the corners and giving up base hits to a bunch of Punch-and-Judy hitters." By week's end all seemed smoothed over as Boston (3–2) throttled California 6–0

continued



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and 7–1. Pitcher Dennis Eckersley (15–5) went all the way twice for victories, and is now 8–0 at Fenway Park as a Red Sox. Even with Butch Hobson, Jerry Remy and Bill Lee bothered by injuries, Boston's 7½-game lead over the Yankees and Brewers seemed reasonably secure. "If they don't go into a slump," said New York's Graig Nettles, "there's no way we can catch them."

The Yanks (3–2) appear to have righted the ship a trifle too late. Catfish Hunter continued his amazing comeback with a route-going six-hitter against California. The 6–2 win gave Hunter (8–4) a 5–0 record and an ERA of 1.46 for the month of August. Ron Guidry, whose only real competition for the Cy Young award could come from Eckersley, beat Oakland 7–1 to go 18–2. The game was close until Reggie Jackson lined a grand-slam home run that hit the rightfield foul pole at Yankee Stadium. However, having been relegated to the seventh spot in the batting order, Reggie was hardly elated. "People make a fool out of me," he said. "I like New York and the people, but I'm projected as a bad fella. It's hell."

By winning 10 of 11 games the Brewers (5–2) had cut the Red Sox lead to six games at one point last week, but the Milwaukee pitchers gave up nine walks in a 9–8 loss to Cleveland, and staff ace Mike Caldwell (16–8) was knocked around in a 6–3 defeat by Detroit.

The Tigers' Ron LeFlore broke Mitchell Page's one-year-old American League record for consecutive stolen bases when he swiped his 27th in a row without being thrown out. But when Toronto Catcher Rick Cerone cut him down trying for No. 28, Dodger Davey Lopes' major league mark of 38 straight thefts was safe. Besides his antics on the base paths, LeFlore had a dozen hits for the Tigers (4–4) and helped beat Milwaukee 6–3 with a three-run homer.

A visit to Oakland in August can be very healthful. At least it was for the Orioles (5–1), who came to town on a four-game losing streak and left with a three-game winning streak. The outcome of the series had less to do with the cool Bay Area breezes than with the general ineptitude of the A's. The Orioles have now won 12 in a row at Oakland Coliseum.

The Indians (3–4) won back-to-back games for the first time in more than three weeks, edging Milwaukee 9–8 on Andre Thornton's 11th-inning homer and the White Sox 2–1. Seventeen of the Tribe's last 27 games have been decided by one run, with Cleveland winning only five of them.

A team-record five-game winning streak helped the Blue Jays (7–1) to their most successful week in history, and left Toronto just one victory short of its entire 1977 total.

BOS 80–47 NY 72–54 MIL 73–55 DET 71–57
BALT 69–56 CLEV 56–72 TOR 53–77

NL WEST The squabbling Dodgers (*page 24*) came from behind twice to defeat Philadelphia and retain their one-game lead in the West, but San Francisco (4–2) scarcely missed a beat behind them. The Giants swept a three-game series from New York, including a 2–1 decision that was their 35th one-run victory this season. The major league record is 41, shared by Cincinnati and, of all people, the 1969 Mets. Jack Clark, now second in the league in hitting at .311, was 8 for 13 against New York and at one point had strung together five consecutive games with at least two hits in each.

From all appearances, the Reds (1–5) could be dead. Cincinnati fell five games off the pace despite a Herculean week from Ken Griffey, who delivered four home runs and 12 RBIs. But no other regular hit as high as .250.

Although Gaylord Perry will be 40 before the World Series begins, his pitching has enabled San Diego to dream, at least, of overhauling the leaders in the West. Perry's 7–3 victory over the Phillies moved the Padres (4–3) to within seven games of first place and raised his record to 15–5, marking the 13th straight year he has won at least that many. "I can still pitch three or four more years," says Perry, who now has 261 career wins. "I still work on my *mystery pitch*, and if they ever reinstate it, I'll make a comeback at the age of 50."

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE HENDRICK: The St. Louis centerfielder blasted four homers, including a grand slam and a three-run shot in the same game. He also batted .407, with two four-hit games, as the Cards won their 16th out of 21 games.

Houston (5–2) did the Phillies and Cubs a favor by beating Pittsburgh twice, stopping a 10-game Pirate winning streak that the Astros had helped start by losing six times to the Bucs in five days. By week's end the Astros had won five in a row themselves, giving them 15 wins in their last 17 games in the Astrodome.

Atlanta caved in with six straight losses, wasting three home runs and nine RBIs from Third Baseman Bob Horner.

LA 76–53 SF 75–54 CIN 71–58
SD 68–62 HOUS 61–68 ATL 56–72

NL EAST With only five games remaining against teams with winning records, Chicago (3–3) has a schedule advantage over the divison-leading Phillies, who must play 12 games against winning competition. However, if the events of last week, not to mention last decade, are any indication, the Cubs are not exactly a shoo-in to catch Philadelphia. They managed to beat Cincinnati three times thanks to a two-run, ninth-inning double by Catcher Dave Rader, then three RBIs from Pitcher Rick Reuschel, followed by a 4-for-5 day from Outfielder Bobby Murcer. But in between, as has been their wont over the years, the Cubs were swept in Houston by the lowly Astros. Chicago's 14-year record in the Astrodome is now 32–64 and last week's defeats kept them from getting closer than 2½ games to the slumping Phils (3–4). Mike Schmidt, a three-time National League home-run champion, was moved to the leadoff spot temporarily to help cure a cold streak. He responded with a 10-for-29 week.

The biggest noise in baseball came from the rampaging Pirates (5–2), who over the course of a 10-game winning streak rose from 10 out to within 3½ games of the East lead. Reliever Kent Tekulve saved six of those games, and the Bucs got some heavy hitting from Dave Parker, Willie Stargell and Dale Berra, son of Yogi, who once summed up a pennant race by saying, "You're never out of it until you're out of it."

Since Montreal (2–3) creamed Atlanta 19–0 on July 30, the Expos have averaged only three runs per game. One of the victims of the drought is Steve Rogers, who dropped two low-run affairs last week after not having lost a game from June 16 to Aug. 18. On the brighter side, Ross Grimsley won his 15th game, as Centerfielder Andre Dawson went 4 for 4 and hit a home run.

Talk about hot, the Cardinals (5–1) have been even hotter than the St. Louis weather. Starting three weeks ago when they were giving Seattle and Toronto a run for worst team in baseball, the Cards have gone 16–5. Last week's heroes were Ted Simmons, who took extra batting practice and responded with four hits against the Reds, Gary Templeton, the father of a new baby boy, who hit .458, and George Hendrick, who was simply too hot to handle. He and Templeton had bunt singles ahead of a two-run double by Simmons, which helped beat the Braves 6–4. Hendrick also had four hits in a 14–9 romp over the Reds, a first-inning homer to give St. Louis a lead it never relinquished in a 4–3 win over Cincy, a grand slam and a three-run homer in the next game and, finally, a solo homer in Saturday night's 9–4 victory over Atlanta.

Poor Jerry Koosman. A career hard-luck pitcher with the Mets (2–5), Koosman couldn't get a victory last week even though he struck out 13 Giants. And while he gave up only two runs and one hit in six innings against the Padres, he took a 2–1 loss and saw his record sag to 3–14. Craig Swan, only 7–5 despite an ERA of 2.40, eked out a 2–1 five-hit win over the Padres.

PHIL 67–59 CHI 65–62 PITT 63–64
MONT 60–68 ST.L 56–73 NY 52–77



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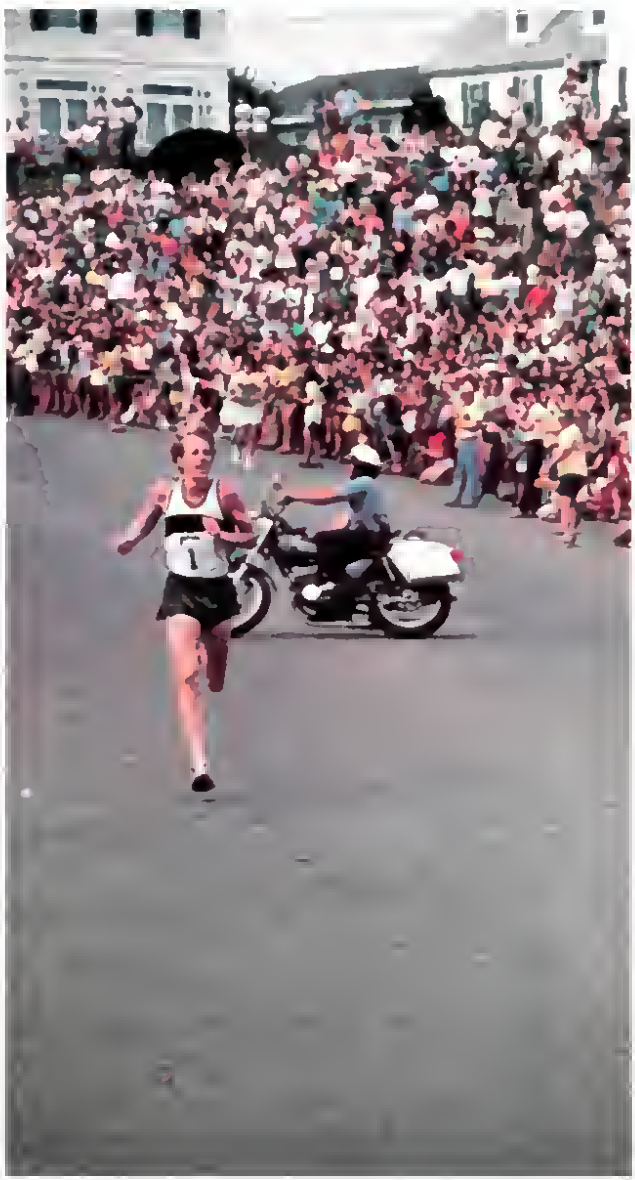
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Even in a crowd he runs alone

Bill Rodgers started with 4,000 at Falmouth but as usual he ended alone



Henry David Thoreau called Cape Cod "the bared and bended arm of Massachusetts" and walked over it in search of "solitude sweet to me as a flower." In 1857, when lobsters were three cents apiece, he wrote, "When I go through a village, my legs ache at the prospect of the hard graveled walk. I go by the tavern with its porch full of gazers, and meet a miss taking a walk or the doctor in his sulky, and for half an hour I feel as strange as if I were in a town in China; but soon I am at home in the wide world again, and my feet rebound from the yielding turf."

Last week the Cape, or that 7.1-mile length of its triceps from Woods Hole to Falmouth Heights, resounded to the footsteps of some 4,000 overheated runners celebrating the sixth renewal of the Falmouth Road Race. Afterward, the bended arms hoisted no-deposit, no-return bottles, solitude was unavailable and thoughtful distance runners were forced to conclude that their sport is rapidly outgrowing its Thoreauvian roots.

There were 92 runners in the first Falmouth race in 1973. "We were mostly bartenders and college help," says founder and co-director Tommy Leonard. "We ran in the pouring rain after a hurricane and then had a great party." A tone of determined conviviality persists. "About 85% of the people we surveyed last year said they didn't go to work the next day. Monday," says Leonard. "It's not the race that does you in. It's the boogie."

A runner named David Duba won the inaugural in 39:16. Now the women's record is 38:40 by Wisconsin's Kim Merritt. Each year, because of the appeal of Olympians Frank Shorter and Bill Rodgers, who traded wins for four races, the Falmouth fields grew ever larger and better. Going into this year's race, Rodgers held the record of 32:23, an average pace of 4:34 per mile. This year's starters included 11 sub-four-minute milers and 16 national AAU champions at assorted distances. Rodgers worried most about Garry Bjorklund of Minneapolis, the Olympic 10,000-meter finalist who is transferring his energies to road racing, and Oregon junior Alberto Salazar, second last year, who comes from Wayland, Mass. and had trained exhaustively for this race. Shorter passed—he is recovering from surgery for the removal of a bone spur from his left ankle—but Merritt, though aching in an Achilles tendon, was back to defend her women's title against Boston Marathon winner Gayle Barron, New York Mini-Marathon winner Martha White and 1,000 or so other women.

Falmouth is a nice, sociable little race that has exploded into D-day. Last May, when word went out that the field would be limited to 3,400 because city officials had threatened to end the event if it became unmanageable, the entry lists were filled in 19 days. For the 3,500 who were turned away, that left three months for them to influence Tommy Leonard to let them run. This they attempted with threats, with imprecations, with tears. He was touched by the young runner who came to Falmouth and sat in the race headquarters and cried for hours.

"It was like his not getting into medical school," Leonard says, still anguished. "I'm not Abraham Lincoln. I'm not God, or Solomon." Still, Leonard held firm. "I'm more concerned about physical safety than people's emotions. It's a narrow road with limited first-aid and water stations. We just can't handle any more." And yet, somehow, an extra 600 runners wangled their way in and ran unofficially.

The race began at 10 a.m. on the main street of Woods Hole, just up from its famed Marine Biological Laboratory. An hour and a half before the start, runners milled and trotted. The look of a road-race field has changed dramatically over the last few years. It is probable that three-quarters of America's 25 million runners have run for two years or less. With the vast new crowds has come a dilution of fitness. Olympic steeplechaser Mike Roche, who won the 12,000-strong Peachtree Race in Atlanta on the Fourth of July, was hard and brown as he warmed up, thus distinct among the hundreds of pale and jiggly novices.

continued



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"All these new people are so *confused*," said Bill Norris of Beverly, Mass., three times the IC4A steeplechase champion in the '60s and a seasoned marathoner. "I met a girl at a runners' barbecue yesterday, and she had dozens of questions about why she had to drink beer and eat spaghetti and stretch her calves. I said, 'Look, don't worry about all the new dogmas. Listen to your body, not what these six-month experts say.' So she lay down and had a cigarette."

At five minutes to 10, the throng pressed together, inhaling. One man several rows from the front knelt in a surreptitious attempt at relieving himself. When he stood, there was only a teaspoon of dampness on the road. "More nerves than necessity," said a girl nearby, and the gun went off. The front ranks leaped ahead into the relief of the first mile, nerves and mob slipping behind.

The air was cool, no more than 73°, but it was laced with 70% humidity—deceptive conditions. Once the runners' internal fires were stoked, their sweat couldn't carry the heat away. Rodgers, Salazar, Roche and Craig Virgin, the AAU 10,000-meter champion who had just returned from Europe, passed the mile in 4:25, two miles in 8:55, three in 13:35. Rodgers tried to surge on the downhills.

"Once you know how to attack a particular course, it really is an advantage," he said later. "Here, you go hard the first three miles when it's hilly, then go semi-hard the next three when it's flat. The last mile you do what you have to do."

At 4½ miles, Rodgers felt vulnerable. The humidity allowed a cocoon of his own heat to swarm over him. "I couldn't surge anymore," he said. "I *knew* I wasn't going to win."

Salazar was running a half step behind, thinking he could fry an egg on his own forehead. He drew alongside and said, "Bill, you've been doing the work. Why don't I take over?"

"I was ready to say, 'It's your race,' " said Rodgers later. "But when I looked around, he was 10 yards back. I couldn't believe it." Rodgers ran on to win in 32:21, somehow scratching two seconds from his record. Roche finished second in 32:41, Virgin third in 32:55. Salazar faded. "With a mile and a half to go, everything went out of me," he said. "The world looked strange. It was fuzzy and had dim patches. People passed me, four or five in the last half mile. I can't re-

continued

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member anything after the finish. I woke up in a bathtub full of ice."

Salazar's temperature had briefly reached 108°. His elbows bloody and bandaged where attending doctors had driven in intravenous saline solution, he returned to normal quickly, then passed on to subnormal. "They cooled me off in the ice, right down to 94°," he said. "Then they had to get me warm again."

Finishers sprinted a downhill final stretch and received a pink card to fill out (for a drawing for a trip to France), a bottle of Perrier water (the race sponsor) and an "Ice Band" frozen chemical compress for the fevered brow. Then they were left to wander on an immense grassy field. The first 10 knew each other, and for a few minutes it was like old times—the helpless gasping of anoxia, the talk of immediate sensations. "I'd pour water on my head," said Rudy Chapa, the NCAA 5,000-meter champion, who finished 14th, "and it felt like it was boiling by the time it hit my neck." There was also talk of recent deeds. "I look at 8:19.3 this way," said Doug Brown of Athletics West, who had run that time in regaining the American record in the steeplechase two days before in Berlin. "It came back home." World indoor mile record holder Dick Buerkle glistened and beamed, even after finishing 20th, because he is now recovered from a stress fracture and training well.

The first woman, Joan Benoit from Cape Elizabeth, Maine and North Carolina State, arrived in 131st place overall, in 38:50, 25 seconds ahead of Patti Lyons of Quincy, Mass., who had had a huge 600-yard lead at four miles but was forced to slow with a migraine headache. Lyons is 25, a former New England swimming champion, and resolute. Two years ago she weighed 148 pounds and smoked three packs a day. "One morning I looked in my mirror," she recalls, "and said, 'Enough of this.' " Now she weighs 116 and runs 20 miles a day.

Streams of athletes are flowing into running from all kinds of sports. Dia Ellman of Stowe, Vt. was once a top junior U.S. skier. "I didn't have much of an August," she said. "My bees stung me badly and I've been sick with allergies all month." She finished 15th in the women's division. "I might have done better, but I threw up at four miles. I walked a half mile, then I was fine." Asked how the spectators reacted to her distress, she said, "Oh, I was pretty discreet."

Ranged about the field were great tables bearing watermelon wedges, macaroni salad, 7,000 hot dogs, truckloads of yogurt and soft drinks. As the space filled with runners and families and curious spectators, with balloon vendors and film crews and mashed watermelon, with mounted police and dogs wearing Perrier T shirts and hundreds of people wearing Ice Bands around their necks like a convention of whiplash patients, the scene evoked thoughts of running's present awkwardness, its pains of transition. Experienced runners struggled to separate the boom's virtues from its failings. "This is like a huge family picnic back in Illinois," said Craig Virgin. "I'm coming to more of these."

"It's wonderful how the women are improving," said Gayle Barron, who finished sixth. "I run faster each year and finish farther and farther down. But in a way I dread these things, the endless talk about running, about shoes, training, the AAU. Frank Deford, who wrote about how boring runners are, is my hero."

"People are still confused about the difference between an athletic event and a happening," said marathoner Tom Derderian. "It's irritating to have a camerawoman jump in your path without the slightest notion that you'll mind."

There are runners now, usually those who have run for years, who no longer come to the big races, who feel them to be perverted simply by the crush, the leveling of numbers. "It's headed toward sin," said one New England runner who chose an obscure race in Maine over Falmouth. The New York City Marathon now has closed its lists with more than 10,000 entries, and Chicago expects as many, even with an exploitative $10 entry fee. So we may see the stream divide, one small branch slipping off into the forest. "The simple satisfaction of a good training run," said Bill Norris, "is now more enjoyable for me than one of these spectacles."

Thoreau would approve. **END**

Falmouth's picturesque seven-mile course and picnic ambience have made the race so popular, officials could not satisfy all who wanted to run



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Big daddy of dogdom

Winner of 36 of 42 races in one year and a record $128,397 in purses, a wondrous greyhound named Downing is retiring to become the sport's only syndicated stud



Downing acts as puppy-sitter while waiting to become a patriarch. For comic relief, he chases ducks.

In the pasture behind the White Shadows Kennels, four Australian emus share a few acres with a pair of South American rheas. They are there to add panache, a quality woefully lacking in most kennels. Rheas and emus are built along the same lines as ostriches, with balding heads and nubbins for wings, and they lay large, hard eggs. Willis Lawson, a retired circus concessionaire and co-owner of White Shadows Kennels, collects and sells the eggs to artists, who paint and sell them as art objects.

In another pasture, adding still more panache, is a pygmy stallion, smaller in height than the greyhounds that White Shadows Kennels breeds and trains as its main business. The pygmy stallion is bred to other miniature horses, and their offspring roam the grounds diminutively, where they are admired by the children and short people of Sarasota, Fla.

There's more. In the driveway, there are some 50 mallards. When Jim Frey, the other owner of White Shadows Kennels, arrives in the morning, the ducks waddle around him, quacking foolishly for the eggplant that Lawson feeds them daily. They sound like crabby old women. "Eggplant! Eggplant!" Frey, who has kept greyhounds for pets and for sport since he was six, knows nothing about mallards, nor about the breeding of emus or pygmy stallions. On the other hand, Willis Lawson knows nothing about the breeding of greyhounds. It makes for an excellent partnership.

Nowhere in this menagerie are there live hares for the young greyhounds to devour while training, a practice the SPCA is not wild about. This humane touch is another of the kennel's oddities. Frey drags a raccoon skin around his training track to get the young greyhounds to chase the mechanical rabbit. This, plus a dog's natural affinity for chasing things, is incentive enough.

During the morning one of the mallards quacks loudly at a delivery truck bringing horsemeat for the dogs. The duck is hoping for eggplant; instead, it is run over by the truck. It is time to get the ducks out of the driveway. "Bring out Handy," Lawson says.

Handy is asleep on the floor of the kennel office. Frey opens the door and calls to him. Handy looks up alertly, and then stretches, arching his back like a bow. He is big as greyhounds go, about 80 pounds, most of the weight being spread through his chest and back. Greyhounds tend to look emaciated on the racetrack—where they are viewed from a distance—but Handy is a powerful dog. Frey calls him "the big dog" when he is not speaking to him directly, much as a fight trainer refers to his boxer as "the champ," if he is the champ.

Handy stands erect and his posture is perfect. His eyes are the color of good mustard, and no white shows around the irises. Frey can tell a lot by a dog's eyes. Greyhounds are coursing dogs, which means they hunt by sight and not smell, and there is a quality in a good greyhound's eyes that indicates intelligence. Handy's coat is what greyhound people call red brindle. A horseman would call it dun-colored, and a city boy might describe it as "rat," but neither rats nor horses have the lovely black marbling through their coats that is common in greyhounds and which is called brindle. Red brindle is a beautiful color.

Handy will not go outside until Frey goes first. The ducks are quacking their way toward the door. "All right, Handyman, I'm leaving," Frey says. He is a tall, lean, 43-year-old Texan with a pleasant manner. Handy likes him a great deal. Now the greyhound trots out ahead of Frey, sending the ducks in the driveway into a scramble for safety—once they are sure he is not an eggplant. They tumble over one another and don't stop until

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they are a quarter of a mile away, in the pasture next to the emus and rheas. "Handy's terrific at getting the ducks out of the driveway," Frey says proudly.

Handy's registered name is Downing. The man who raised him nicknamed him Handyman because as a pup he was always getting in the way, always handy just when you didn't want him. Today, in addition to being excellent at chasing mallards out of the driveway with great panache, Downing is the most valuable sporting dog in the world. He is being syndicated for $150,000.

No greyhound in history has ever been syndicated, but no greyhound in history ever had a year like the one Downing had in 1977, at two his only full year of racing. Downing raced 42 times and finished out of the money only once. He had 36 wins, including five consecutive wins in stakes races, and collected a record $124,471 in purses, bringing his career total to $128,397. Most greyhounds proceed from their maiden race through the D, C, B and A class levels, being required to win a race in one level before advancing to the next. Downing won his maiden and D class races so convincingly—by a total of 17½ lengths—that Frey entered him in the Hollywood World Classic in Miami, a stakes race open to any owner willing to put up the entry fee. "Everyone said that only an idiot would throw a pup to the wolves like that. It was unheard-of," Frey says. But no one mentioned this to Downing, and he won seven out of eight heats on his way to the finals. Once there, he sprinted to a 5½-length win over the 5/16ths-of-a-mile course and earned $30,000.

The big dog later won the Hollywood Futurity Stakes on the same track, and the day Seattle Slew won the Triple Crown of thoroughbred racing, Downing took his third major stakes race in a row, the Irish-American Stakes at Biscayne. At the time his paycheck there, $37,500, equaled the richest purse in the history of greyhound racing.

It had taken him five months to build an international reputation. In June, Downing was challenged to a $7,500 match race against New England's top dog, Rooster Cogburn, at Wonderland Park near Boston, the Rooster's home track. Downing beat that so-called "Wonder Dog" by eight lengths in their first race, and by one length in the second. In August, Downing was invited to a match race against G.P.'s Sarah, said to be the top dog in South Dakota, on her home track in Black Hills. Downing was booked into an air-conditioned motel room to escape the heat, and he responded by shattering the track record by .6 of a second, leaving old Sarah eating 11 lengths of dust. The Black Hills track set attendance and pari-mutuel handle records that day, which was the norm wherever Downing appeared.

Downing won his fourth stakes race at Wonderland Park in the Battle of the Ages Stakes. It was there that a mystery figure nicknamed Ten Grand Teddy wagered $10,000 on Downing to show, and three times he collected before vanishing into the crowd. But the poor fellow resurfaced once too often this August at Biscayne. In a race in which Downing finished fourth, a dog named Blazing Red paid $13 to win, $6.60 to place and $95.80 to show.

Downing closed 1977 with his fifth stakes-race win, the prestigious American Derby, which was run over ⅜ths of a mile in Taunton, Mass. It was the first time Downing had ever raced that distance, and in doing so he set another track record, winning by 11 lengths. Of all Downing's races, Frey thinks the American Derby was his best.

This spring, when Trainer Roland Alves was asked to compare his undefeated dog, King Rhody, to Downing, Alves said, "King Rhody is a good dog and possibly a great one. But I saw Downing break the track record at Taunton last fall in a race in which he didn't even get a good start. Downing is something you see once in a lifetime."

At the end of the year, Downing was what *The Greyhound Review* called the "laughingstock winner" of the Rural Rube Award as the top sprinter of 1977, the somewhat scrambled syntax meaning that he won laughing.

Then came the disabling injury. In a routine training session in late November, Downing injured the ligaments of the tarsal bone in his right hind leg. The dog was rested over the winter, then worked back into shape by two of Frey's daughters, who took Downing along on five-mile jogs while conditioning themselves for high school track. By August, Downing was ready to defend the Irish-American Stakes. He made it to the finals, but reinjured his leg doing it. Frey and Trainer Don Cuddy decided to run the dog anyway, and Downing limped home last. Cuddy broke into tears as Downing

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was taken from the track for the last time, and that night Frey announced the big dog's retirement.

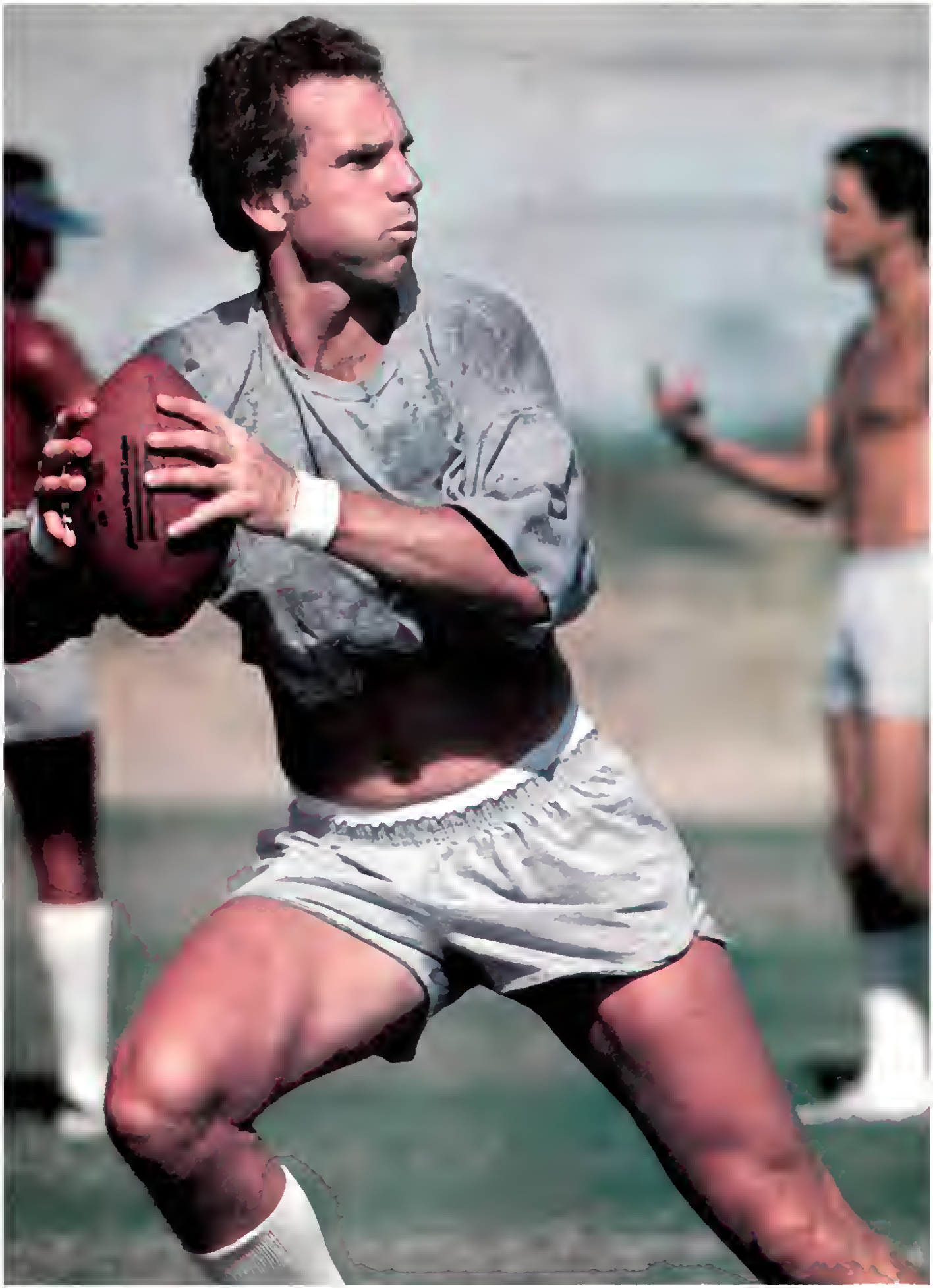
No one is crying over Downing now, except possibly Ten Grand Teddy, and certainly no tears are being shed on behalf of Frey. He and Downing are constant companions as Frey oversees the handling of his 200 other greyhounds and waits for the syndication papers to be signed. That is being handled by Ray (Tiny) Dupree, a 380-pound Denver restaurateur who has played the puppies, as they say, for 32 of his 49 years and by his own estimate makes between $40,000 and $60,000 annually at it. Dupree owned Downing's mother, alluringly named Hooker's Flower, and it was his idea to make Downing the first syndicated greyhound ("He was first at everything else"). He owns one of 10 shares in the dog. Frey also has kept a share, and the others are being sold for $15,000 each. Most of the shares will be purchased by breeders.

Dupree estimates that a Downing puppy out of a proven bitch will bring as much as $1,000 at first, and since each Downing owner is allotted 10 breedings a year—litters average eight pups—the shareholders could easily get their money back the first year. Further, science has only recently developed a technique for freezing and storing canine semen. The National Greyhound Association has not banned artificial insemination in the breeding of registered greyhounds, as The Jockey Club, the ruling body in thoroughbred racing, has done, but it is studying the subject. Says Dupree, "If these techniques are approved and Downing proves himself, the dog will literally be worth millions."

All of which seems lost on Downing as he enjoys his last few weeks in Florida. Once the syndication comes through, Downing will be sent to a breeding kennel in Kansas City, because of its central location. Until then, Frey says, it is the "life of Riley." Downing leaps into his owner's van, where he is used to riding in carpeted splendor, and clambers over two large volumes of his own clippings on the seat. "Come down, Handy, into the back," Frey says. "You're going to have to live like a dog for 10 whole minutes."

Downing complies tolerantly. His regal manner, after all, is directly descended from the Egypt of the Pharaohs, who used greyhounds to hunt gazelles. Now that's *panache.* **END**





A Do-Gooder Who's Doing Good





Roger Staubach—Mr. Straight Arrow, the Galahad of the Gridiron—gets ready to mount his white horse and ride hell out of 1979

by Robert F. Jones

The world is too much with us, as Wordsworth said. We live in an age of venality, corruption, scandal and immorality. Diogenes would have to walk a long way with his lamp these days to find an "honest man." Ironically, he might find him in the vicinity of Dallas, a city more renowned for high-roller excesses than cynicism, as Diogenes and his ilk defined it. If the old Greek Cynic ever returns, he would do well to shine his lantern on 2511 Prairie Creek, the home of one Roger Thomas Staubach in the Dallas suburb of Richardson. For Staubach is by all accounts the Galahad of the Gridiron, the NFL's own personal St. Francis of Assisi, the straightest arrow in the quiver.

Consider these credentials. Preeminent quarterback and team leader of the world-cham-

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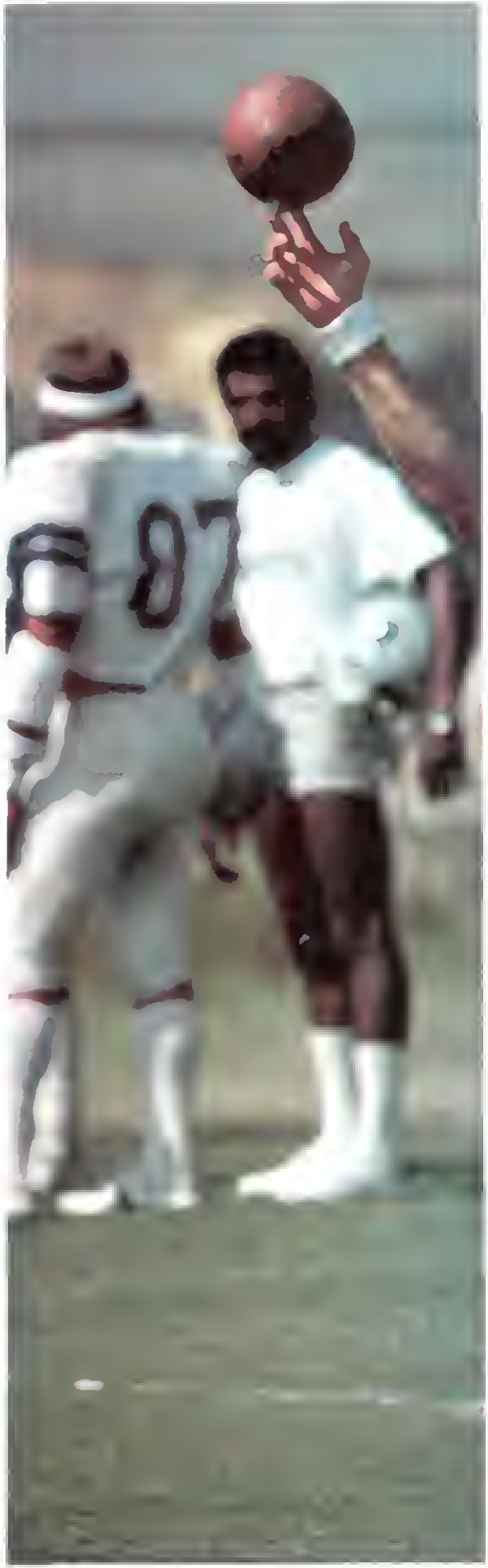
pion Dallas Cowboys for most of the 1970s—and that despite four years lost to service in the Navy. A loyal husband and family man, the father of five fine youngsters (four girls and a boy). Successful off-season businessman (his own real estate firm). Active in as many do-good organizations as he can fit into his hectic schedule: the American Diabetes Association, the Salvation Army and, of course, the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

It's enough to make a lesser man swear off of hard likker and head for the nearest hair-shirt factory. But there is a devil in the lesser man's bones, an imp who would seek out imperfection even in the perfect—most importantly in the perfect—so as to justify his own far greater failings. And when reality cannot provide such unworthy titillation, the imagination goes to work, as in this fictional scene (with apologies to Holy Mother Church).

Place: The cool, rainbow gloom of a Catholic cathedral on a Saturday afternoon. An aura of old incense and melting wax fills the air. Low light filters through the stained-glass agonies of Christ, and the only sound to be heard is the muted mutter of penitents, punctuated by the occasional creak of a genuflecting knee joint. A tall, lean figure with short dark hair strides in its turn to the busy con-



After practice at Thousand Oaks, Staubach gets tackled for autographs





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE



Granite faces Landry and Staubach First one to smile is a rotten egg

fessional booth in the side aisle, pulls its heavy drapery aside and enters

Penitent: Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It is a full week since my last confession. Since then I have committed the following sins. First, I stood idly by and said nothing while other men took the Lord's name in vain—

Padre: Excuse me, my son, but what did they say?

Penitent: It was at the start of two-a-days, Father, and they can be tough. One of these men said, 'Lord, it's a hot day!' And the other said, 'You dang tootin', hotter than the hinges of You Know Where.'—

Padre: Very well my boy. (*A soft groan from the confessor's side of the box.*) Proceed

Penitent: Next, I coveted my neighbor's goods. It was after practice yesterday, in the cafeteria. I was late getting to the chow line and there was only one steak left. Before I could take it, Too Tall Jones reached out, grabbed it and gobbled it up, the way he does those smaller backs, you know? I had to settle for liver and onions. It was then that I coveted—

Padre: All right, all right—go on to the next sin

Penitent: There's only one left, Father, but it's the worst of all. I harbored evil thoughts regarding another man.

Padre: Aha! Now it looks as though we're getting some-

continued

Although not a consummate stylist, Roger gets the job done He led the Cowboys to victory in Super Bowl XII and was the NFC's leading passer

where. What was the, ummm, nature of these evil thoughts, my son?

Penitent: I wished physical harm to a fellow football player. It was as I was falling asleep the night before the Denver game. I was just dozing off, when suddenly I had this hateful vision. Lyle Alzado had blasted through the pass-blocking and was coming for me. I was back in the shotgun, but I couldn't get my arm cocked. It was like some devil was clinging to my elbow—you know the feeling, Father. Well, just before he hits me, Lyle steps on this banana peel and skids and dislocates his shoulder.

(*Long pause; long priestly sigh.*)

Padre: I'm afraid you haven't made it yet, my son, not even to the minor leagues. That's just the instinct for survival. You're about as evil as a first communicant. For your penance, go forth and try to be less perfect.



At home in Richardson, a suburb of Dallas, Staubach pools his resources

In this age of the public confessional, when a touch of naughtiness is as much a part of a superstar quarterback's persona as a strong throwing arm or a glib tongue on camera, perfection may indeed be Roger Staubach's only failing. Recognizing this failing in their leading man, the Dallas Cowboys are quick to tell a visiting reporter about Roger's "sense of humor." "He's the Good Humor Man," they say. Yes indeedy, ol' Rog has done some pretty rascally things in his day. Like the time he rode a camel.

Wow, far out! Where did he ride it—into some Arab oil sheikh's harem?

Uh, no, it was for a charitable cause. The Paul Anderson Youth Home, one of Roger's favorite charities, was screening the film *Hawmps* as part of a fund-raising drive, and they got Rog to straddle a dromedary for a promo film. It was a heck of a sight, though. Couldn't tell who was more serious, the camel or the QB.

Then there was the time he drove in a demolition derby. He could hardly get hurt, you see, because the cars are all beefed up with roll cages and padding.

Got anything better?

Yeah (a *triumphant grin*). The time he was in Tex Schramm's 11th floor office and jumped out of the window. Tex, who is the Cowboys' president, had been on the phone all morning and Roger was leaving town and wanted to talk with him. Well, time was a wastin', so Roger just leaped out the window and waved his arms like a madman. Tex like to passed out.

Staubach is listening to the story as it is retold. A faint smile comes over his usually solemn face and a faint flicker appears in his eyes—aha, maybe there is a wild man lurking back in there somewhere. A tiny one to be sure, but the real thing.

"Tex had his feet up on the desk when I jumped out," he says. The faint smile struggles to become a grin. "He dropped the phone and his eyes rolled back in his head. You can't see the ledge I landed on when you're sitting at the desk." The grin dies aborning. "But I was perfectly safe. The ledge was three feet wide, and I couldn't have fallen if I'd tried. But when Tex's eyes rolled that way, I thought maybe I'd scared him into a stroke. Anyway, he sat up and kind of shook himself all over and flagged me to come in."

End of levity, beginning of serious stuff.

Staubach himself is aware of—and more than a little bit hurt by—his image as pro football's goody-goody quarterback. He recalls a halftime show when Phyllis George contrasted his life-style with that of Joe Namath. The implication was that George preferred a fun-loving swinger like Broadway Joe to a stick-in-the-mud Staubach. "Darn it," Roger complains, "I enjoy sex as much as Namath, but only with one woman."

Actually, wild-man quarterbacks have always been a minority, though a much-publicized one, in the NFL. Bobby Layne, Sonny Jurgensen, Namath, Billy Kilmer and Ken Stabler are the delightful exceptions to a hard, true rule: quarterbacking the pro game is such a demanding, serious and

continued

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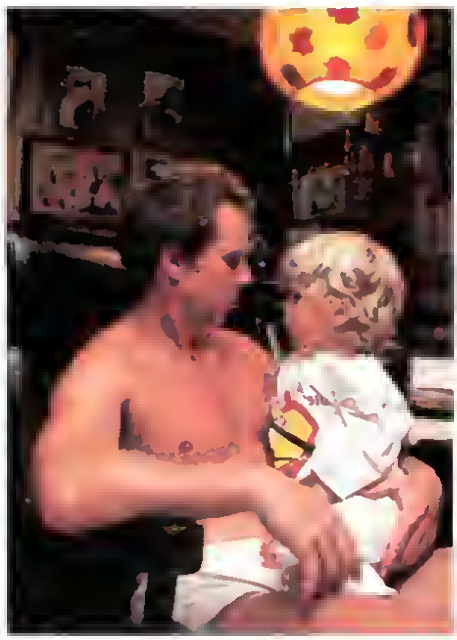
physically painful vocation that most athletes who play the position have no time for high jinks off the field. Late hours, booze, bimbos and general carousing can, of course, lead to titubation in a time of peril and even to terminal absquatulation. (In case your dictionary is out on loan, titubation is the staggering or stumbling gait characteristic of certain nervous disorders, such as being cold-cocked by a blitzing linebacker. To absquatulate is dog Latin for "to go off and squat elsewhere"—like on the bench.)

Bart Starr, a man every bit as straight as Staubach off the field, and in some ways his equal or superior on it, once remarked quite casually that from the first heavy hit of the preseason to a month after the Super Bowl he never once stopped aching. With ligaments, tendons and shoulder joints popping and snapping like it's the Fourth of July, it's just a matter of time before even the most fit of quarterbacks makes the injured reserve list. Clearly, clean living and hard physical conditioning can delay the inevitable and make for a more speedy recovery. Some of the least injured and longest lived quarterbacks of recent years—Starr, Staubach, Fran Tarkenton—were all cast from the straight-arrow mold. Staubach or his publicists should keep that in mind the next time a Phyllis George pops up.

Staubach came by his rectitude—and perhaps his fierce, playing-field determination—via those traditional Middle American routes: church, sports and military service. He was born 36 years ago in Cincinnati and grew up in the suburb of Silverton. His father Robert was a manufacturer's representative (shoe and leather) and his mother Elizabeth worked 25 years at the local General Motors plant. They are both deceased. "Neither of them pushed me into sports," he says. "But I grew up with a lot of older kids—I was one of the youngest kids on the block—and I played ball with them. You had to work hard to keep up. A neighbor named Mr. Brannen had a basketball hoop on his garage, and we were over there all the time, morning, noon and night. When you're only four feet tall, you have to be clever and pushy to snag a rebound."

Baseball was his other early love, and there are many cognoscenti who feel he would have made a first-class major league outfielder and hitter. As a third classman at Annapolis, he batted .420.

"I started in baseball when I was 6," he says. "Our coach was a man named John Fink, and he picked an all-star team from our neighborhood. We played kids from the other neighborhoods." He shakes his head and smiles wryly. "Those were some games—20-walk innings, scores like 48–25. I was a pitcher, catcher and outfielder, and we once won 40 straight games. Later, when I was in high school, my father said to me after a game, 'You know, Roger, it's funny. I used to dread the ball being hit to me when the game was tight; you seem to relish it.' And he was right. I did relish it. There's a special kind of fire that lights up when things get really tough. I used to feel dreadful when I'd foul up or when we'd lose—I'm a tough loser at anything, not just football or Super Bowls. The whole bottom would fall out of my life. But now I've disciplined myself. I only feel rotten for two days afterwards. Then I shut off the recrimination and get on to the next game. If it hangs with you, you'll just lose again."



Roger and his only son, Jeff, have a man-to-man talk

Staubach came to football comparatively late, and later still to the position at which he excels. "I didn't play quarterback until my senior year in high school," he says. "Before that I was a defensive back and had spent one season injured. Rick Forzano, then an assistant coach at the Naval Academy, scouted me in my senior year and was interested. I'd never thought of the Navy before that. In fact, being Catholic, I would have preferred to go to Notre Dame. But they didn't show any interest until I was already committed to the Academy. Purdue and Ohio State also contacted me, but after I'd been to Annapolis and looked it over, I knew it was the right place for me."

And Staubach was the right man for Navy. He was, in fact, the best all-round athlete in recent Academy history. He earned seven letters in football, baseball and basketball, and seven of his passing records still stand. In his junior year he won the Heisman Trophy, defeating such other stick-outs as Billy Lothridge and Dick Butkus for the honor, and received the Walter Camp Memorial Trophy and the Maxwell Trophy as well. In his senior year he won the Academy's top athletic honors: the Thompson Trophy Cup (for the third time) and the Athletic Association Sword.

Now came hard-decision time, not so much for Roger as for the pro teams that had him pegged as a near-perfect NFL quarterback prospect. He stood 6' 3" and weighed close to 200 pounds—big enough by more than a bit. Not only could he pass with a quick release from a standard pro set and drop, but he could run as well—in a wild, explosive gallop that perforated defenses like a six-inch naval projectile. Ideal. Except for the fact that his Navy commission required a small repayment in time of four years' service on active, full-time duty. Anchors aweigh. No man had ever laid off the game

continued

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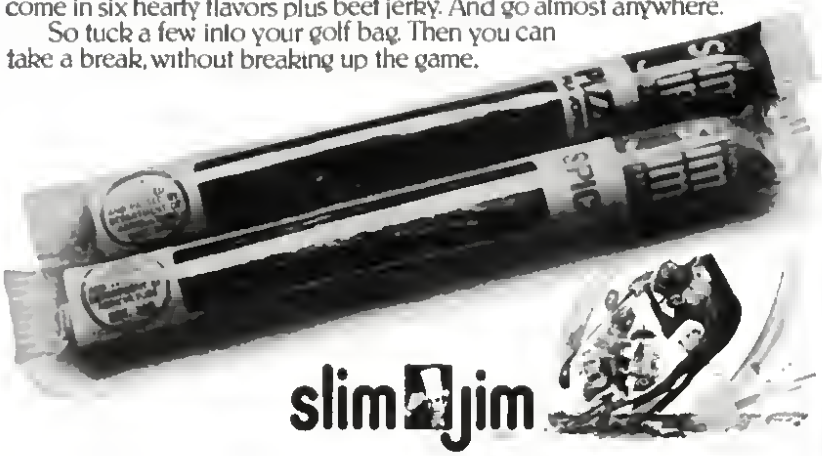


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Who wrote this? Len Deighton? Agatha Christie? John le Carré? No, it's from *The Burglary was for the Birds* by Robert Cantwell in Sports Illustrated, where the suspense of sports is not wholly confined to the playing fields.

Sports Illustrated

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for four years and returned to become a first-rank professional quarterback.

"The thing that kept me credible," Staubach says, "was the College All-Star game after my senior year. We were up against the Cleveland Browns, and although we finally lost, 24–16, I had a pretty good first quarter. Then an injury to my left shoulder put me out. It was a dislocation. I remember that Paul Warfield was also hurt, and he was getting a cracked collarbone treated in the training room, so I had to take my first aid in the locker room. The doctor braced his arm in my armpit and cranked my arm but it was no go. Later I had to have surgery. Still, the pro scouts must have liked what little they'd seen of me under pressure from real football players, because both Kansas City and Dallas wanted to sign me."

Color blindness prevented Staubach from receiving a commission as a naval line officer or as a flight officer, so he took his commission in supply. "That was a disappointment," he says. "I had hoped to get into naval aviation or into the Corps." But duty as a supply officer had its advantages. A few months after he was commissioned, Roger married his childhood sweetheart, Marianne Hoobler, and the chances for shore duty are much greater in supply than in the line. "I never really cared for sea duty—the long separations," he admits.

These were the years of the Vietnam war and it beckoned even to newly married supply officers. Staubach found himself for a year at Chu Lai, in charge of the "Sand Ramp," an ugly curve of oil-stained beach where LSTs crunched ashore to disgorge vehicles, ammo, fuel and crated supplies.

"I had 100 or more enlisted men under me and about 30 Vietnamese," he says. "I was in effect the beachmaster there, in the Freight Terminal Division. We moved gear, all right. Fortunately, I never came under fire, and my 12-month tour of duty ended before the Tet Offensive of early '68."

By July of 1969 Staubach's active-duty commitment to the Navy also expired, and he quickly executed a uniform shift: from Navy blue to Cowboy blue and silver. "I had stayed in good shape during my time in the Navy, playing a lot of basketball and a little tennis and football," he says, "and I'd done

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my best to keep abreast of the tactical changes in the game. So I was really no worse off than any rookie coming to the pros fresh from college." Indeed, he was probably a long way ahead of most. Four years of leading men, even if not in combat, can be a rapid road to maturity. And from what Coach Tom Landry, no slouch himself at the art of command, could see, Staubach had certainly followed that road.

But it takes a while for a quarterback to learn the pro game, and it wasn't until midway through the 1971 season that Staubach got a chance to start. Once he took the helm, it was all ahead full: in that season he passed for nearly 1,900 yards at a 59.7% completion rate. According to the NFL's complicated formula for ranking quarterbacks, he had a rating of 104.8, the highest he has yet achieved. He also ran 41 times for an 8.4-yard average and scored two touchdowns on top of the 15 he hit through the air. That season was capped by Dallas' 24–3 defeat of Miami in the Super Bowl and Staubach was rated the game's Most Valuable Player.

"If I hadn't known it already," he says, "that season and that Super Bowl taught me what an excellent strategist and tactician Tom Landry is. Everyone holds him in the highest respect. But he's an impossible man to get close to—as aloof and as cold as any admiral I ever met. He and I belonged to many of the same civic and charitable organizations, and if there was a dinner or a luncheon scheduled, I'd check first to see if he was going to be there. If he was, I'd weasel my way out of it. I was that frightened of him."

Staubach is quick to point out that it is meaningless to compare his performance as a quarterback with those of the other top practitioners of the art. "I suppose that on the right day, I can execute as well as most," he says, "but I don't call the signals. Tom Landry does that. Back in '73 he let Craig Morton and me alternate calling the signals, and we had one of our best offensive seasons ever. But I guess he just couldn't stand not calling the shots himself. During one game, a 14–7 loss to Miami, I called an audible at the goal line and it failed to score. Then the field goal failed as well. That was it."

Staubach's passing, as he would be the first to admit, lacks the big-game-rifle range of a Bert Jones or the rattlesnake release of a Ken Stabler, but it combines elements of these and joins them with a jaw-grinding determination to connect when he has to. Take last January's Super Bowl game against Denver.

"It was a strange scene," Staubach says. "Playing indoors made it very difficult. The huge crowd—all that noise—it was very hard to hear. Very confusing. There was a pent-up, almost a panicky, feeling to it all. That may have accounted for some of our offensive mistakes. And then too, their defense played very tight all the way. But so did ours, so ultimately it was a question of putting points on the board the routine way, the hard way."

According to Staubach, the crucial play was the third-period touchdown pass to Butch Johnson in the end zone. The Cowboys had blown a lot of scoring chances up to that point, and although the score was 13–3, they had an ominous feeling that the Broncos could turn it around at any moment. The Cowboys had taken a punt from Bucky Dilts on their 42 and worked their way to a first down on the Denver 45. Staubach handed off to Tony Dorsett through the left side, but he couldn't get anything. Then Golden Richards went deep into the right-side end zone, but Roger overthrew him. It was 3rd and 10, and as the Cowboys waited for the play to come in from Landry, Staubach could feel that gluey, claustrophobic atmosphere growing and the crowd muttering like big bees humming all around him.

"The play called for Butch Johnson, the secondary receiver, to go deep left into the end zone," Staubach says. "But I told him to go to the post. I knew the Old Man wanted a touchdown right then. If we put it off any longer, they would go berserk on us. Butch had half a step on his man, and I let it go. It was a diving catch—45 yards and the touchdown.

"So when we finally scored on that pass play, we gained a lot of confidence. Then Newhouse's 29-yard option pass to Golden in the fourth quarter cemented it, 27–10. Hardly a classic game, but like most of them, anywhere, it was a tough one."

Staubach's statistics were impressive: 17 of 25 passes for 183 yards and no interceptions. He threw for only one touchdown, but it was the big one. By contrast, his erstwhile rival for the starting job at Dallas, Craig Morton, hit just four of 15 passes for Denver and was intercepted four times.

In the early 1970s, when Landry was trying to make up his mind between Morton and Staubach as the Dallas starter, arguments raged fiercely among Cowboy fans as to the two quarterbacks' respective strengths and weaknesses. Staubach, it was said, was green yet old, and he ran too much: he'd ultimately get clobbered so hard he'd be gone from the game for good. Morton, howled the opposition, might be a picture-book passer and more familiar with the Cowboy system but he was a softie, a loser.

Both sides were wrong. Staubach was neither too green nor too old, as his subsequent performances have shown. Nor has his running led to any serious injury—yet. He is certainly a dedicated, hard-driving competitor, and his style shows it. Morton, on the other hand, may have played for a lot of losing teams, but his acquittal of himself last season at Denver was hardly that of a softie—nor, despite the Super Bowl, that of a loser. Like most of the men who play the game, he is a mature, realistic, highly competent professional. As the old Texas saying goes, "Some days you eat the bear. Some days the bear eats you." Last Jan. 12 in New Orleans, the bear was mighty hongry . . . for pony meat.

"Craig and I competed hard against one another for the starting job," Staubach said last month while walking across the campus of California Lutheran College in Thousand Oaks, where the Cowboys had their training camp. "But that's only to be expected. We have always been good friends off the field, and I've always wished him well. And that's no sea story. I sure won't say anything to put him down. He's a good man and a good quarterback. Before the Super Bowl, when all the reporters were trying to make this so-called big rivalry between us a major story, I got faintly ill with it all. That's not at all how it is in professional sports."

Cal Lutheran is only 17 years old, and legend has it that Tom Landry was flying across the then-empty stretch of tawny hills when he pointed down and said, "Let there be a college." Certainly

continued

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it is a better site for a training camp than Dallas, which suffered from 18 straight days of 100° temperatures this summer, replete with melting streets and heat-cracking buildings. At Cal Lutheran, even at midday it is dry and cool in the shade, the air astringent with the smell of sweating eucalyptus trees. Staubach walked straight as a midshipman, an invisible chin strap holding his head up and back. Without pads, he is somewhat slope-shouldered, and he walks with an ursine gait. A black rookie passed him going the other way, moaning to his buddies, "There ought to be a law against gettin' beat up every day." Staubach suppressed a grin.

John Fitzgerald, the Cowboy center, was carrying his tray from the cafeteria line as Staubach entered the dining hall. "Hey, John," Staubach said, "we're going to have to do something about that matter I mentioned to you this morning." Fitzgerald is beefy, flushed, his curly hair still wet and tousled. "Yeah," he said, "maybe I ought to start wearing gloves."

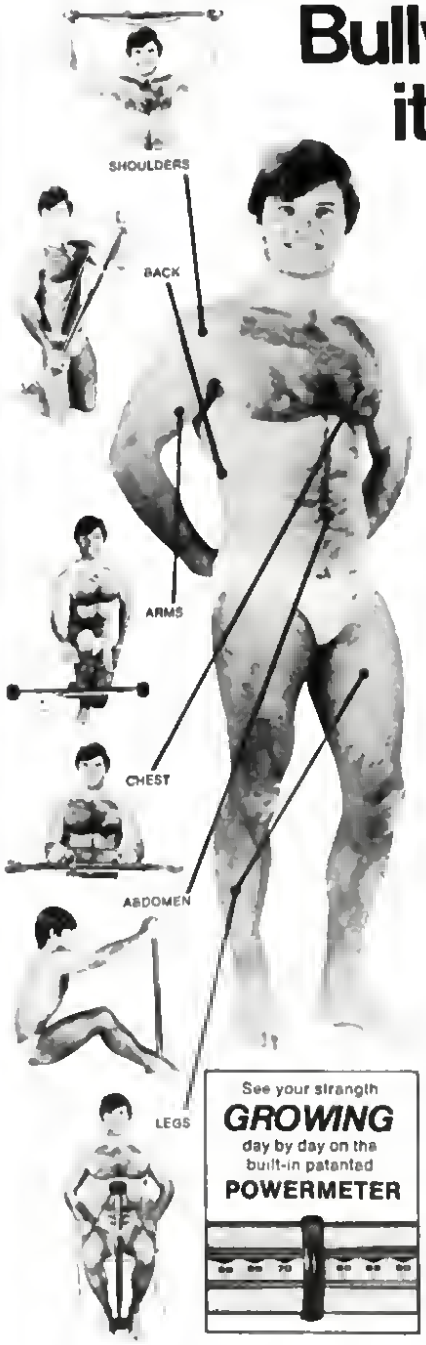
"Well, something," Staubach said. He explained that Fitz had come to camp overweight and wore a sweat belt during practice to boil off the blubber. His hands were so sweaty that Roger couldn't get a proper grip on the ball. Minor tactical considerations.

"Being in shape gives me confidence," Roger said, sitting down to eat. "Quarterbacks have to be confident. If you think something is going to go wrong, it will. Mental toughness is the one thing all top quarterbacks share, regardless of how they conduct their lives off the field. That and concentration. I have *got* to concentrate on football non-stop during the season, give it first priority, full time. Fortunately, my family understands; they're well-regimented. And real estate—I just set up my own firm last year—permits me to forget about it during the critical sales months.

"As to the physical preparation, I try to stay fit all year round. I've got a weight machine in my garage and it helps a lot with upper-body development. That in turn helps me to take the punishment during the year. I don't know if it's made me a stronger passer, but it's kept me healthy enough to keep passing. I also work out at the Aerobics Activity Center, which is run by Dr. Ken

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Cooper, the man who made aerobics popular in this country. But the best conditioning sport for a football player is basketball—the stopping and starting, the weaving movement, the demand it places on endurance. I mean full-court basketball. Not just killing each other under the hoop as you do in half-court. I also play tennis, but only once a week. I'm afraid that more tennis might lead to tendinitis."

All that physical activity coupled with church and charities doesn't seem to leave much time for intellectual nurture.

"Oh, no," he said. "I read a lot. Right now I'm into an odd parlay: Nixon's memoirs and Colleen McCullough's *The Thorn Birds*. I'm a Watergate freak, I guess. I've read everything from Magruder to, well, Colson's *Born Again*. I'm very concerned about public morality and leadership, but I'm sure not going to set myself up as an authority. Entertainers and athletes should certainly have their own opinions of how society ought to be run, about right and wrong, but how can they in good conscience prescribe behavior the way they do on the talk shows? Being in the public eye is no license to suggest how people should live or govern themselves. Renown alone is hardly a credential.

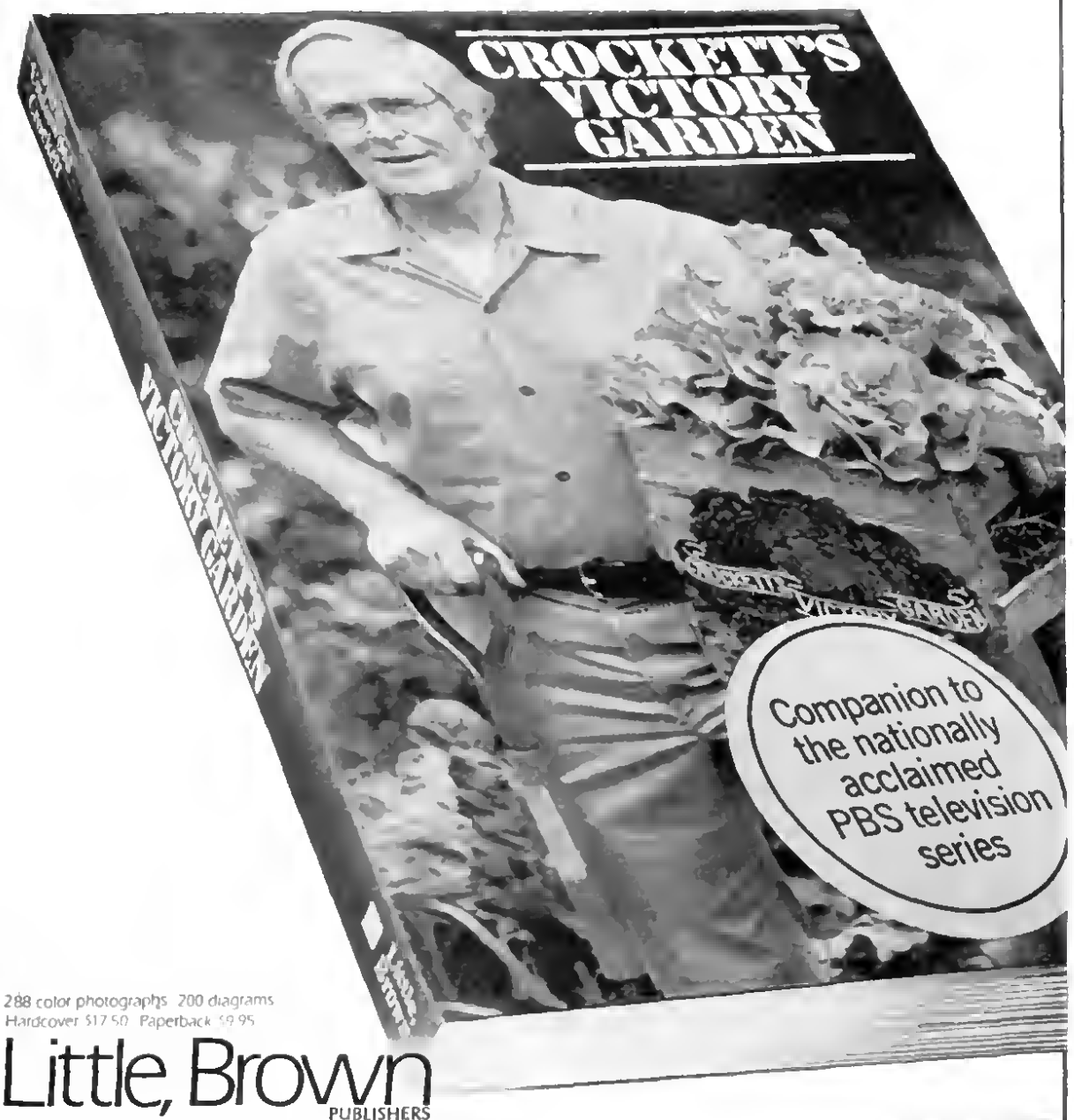
"When you've achieved a certain measure of popular fame, you also have the power to exert enormous leverage on impressionable minds. A lot of well-known people don't realize that in its fullest implication. I feel very comfortable with my religion, and I know I couldn't be happy without it, but I'm not about to go around telling everyone to believe as I do, to pray as I do. I've been able to absorb the changes that grew out of Pope John's Vatican Councils, and I think they are good changes. The Church should have a social conscience, should take care of people's spiritual needs regardless of race or politics. I hate the hypocrisy of, say, the pious churchgoer who observes the Sabbath to the letter and then later in the week harangues against 'niggers' and fosters bigotry. It's simplistic, maybe, and Phyllis George might not like it, maybe, but I believe in being good. It makes other people feel good, and I feel good when they feel that way.

"But," and now he grinned wide open, "when I'm on the football field, I like to win." **END**

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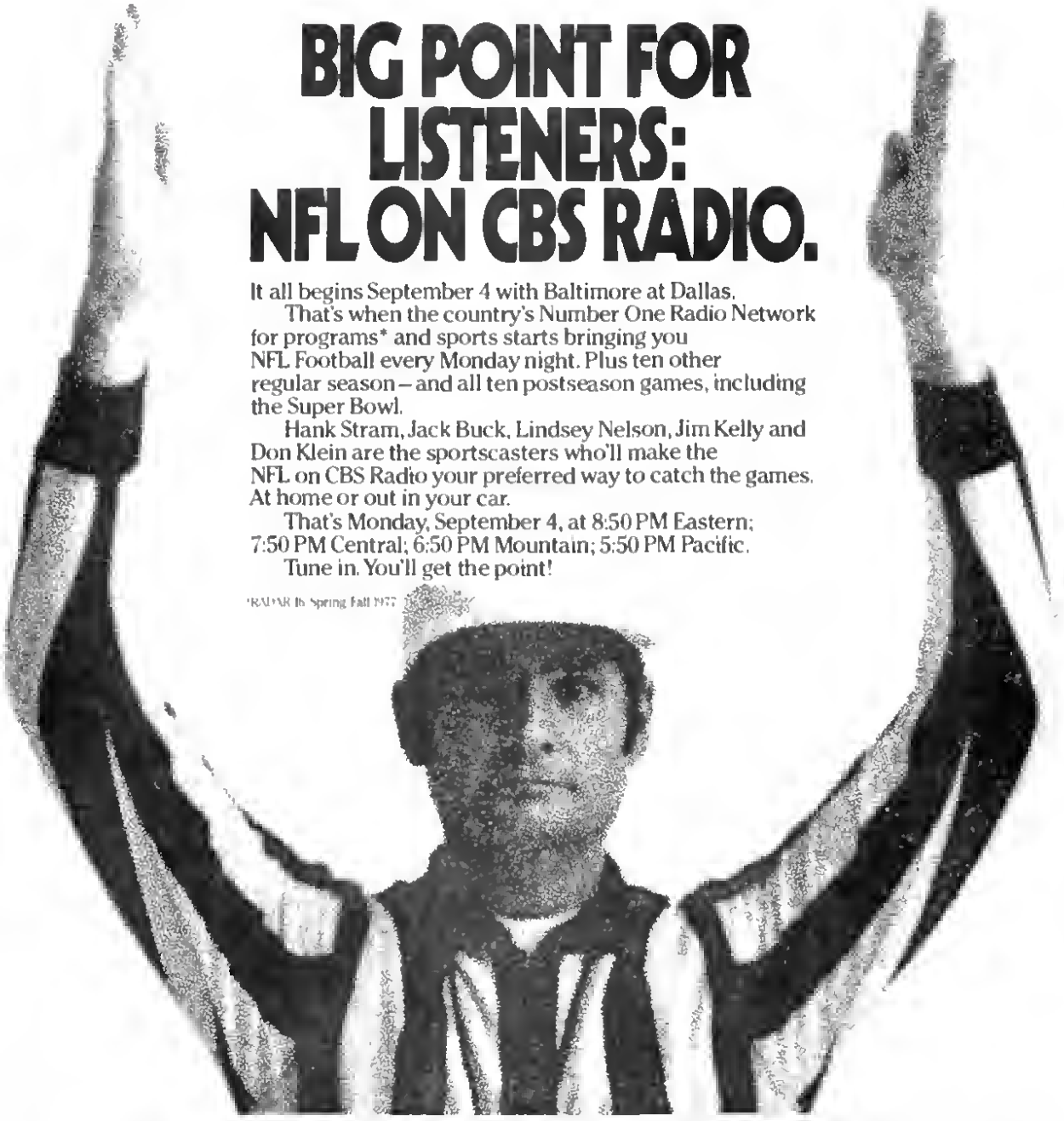


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Monday, Oct. 2	Dallas at Washington	8:50pm
Monday, Oct. 9	Cincinnati at Miami	8:20pm
Monday, Oct. 16	Chicago at Denver	8:50pm
Monday, Oct. 23	Houston at Pittsburgh	8:50pm
Thursday, Oct. 26	Minnesota at Dallas	8:20pm
Monday, Oct. 30	Los Angeles at Atlanta	8:50pm
Monday, Nov. 6	Washington at Baltimore	8:50pm
Sunday, Nov. 12	Pittsburgh at Los Angeles	8:50pm
Monday, Nov. 13	Oakland at Cincinnati	8:50pm
Monday, Nov. 20	Miami at Houston	8:50pm
Thursday, Nov. 23	Denver at Detroit	12:20pm
	Washington at Dallas	3:20pm
Monday, Nov. 27	Pittsburgh at San Francisco	8:50pm
Sunday, Dec. 3	Denver at Oakland	8:50pm
Monday, Dec. 4	Chicago at San Diego	8:50pm
Saturday, Dec. 9	Baltimore at Pittsburgh	12:50pm
	Minnesota at Detroit	3:50pm
Monday, Dec. 11	Cincinnati at Los Angeles	8:50pm
Saturday, Dec. 16	Chicago at Washington	12:50pm
	Pittsburgh at Denver	3:50pm
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week August 21-August 27

BASEBALL—Chao-Min Pan struck out 13 to lead Taiwan to an 11–1 victory over Danville, Calif. and its second straight Little League World Series title, its seventh in 10 years, at Williamsport, Pa.

BOWLING—LARRY LAUB of San Francisco averaged 212 for 42 games to win the $60,000 Buffalo Open. He defeated Pete McCordic of Houston by 25 pins.

BOXING—ANTONIO (KID BAMBELE) CERVANTES of Colombia retained his WBA junior welterweight championship with a ninth-round TKO of South Africa's Norman (Panjamani) Sekgapane, in Mmabatho, Bophuthatswana.

CHESS—World champion ANATOLY KARPOV forced Viktor Korchnoi to resign on the 39th move of the 17th game to take a 4–1 lead in the world championships at Baguio City, the Philippines. Karpov needs two more victories to win the $350,000 first prize.

GOLF—TOM WATSON survived, among other things, a second-round 63 by Hale Irwin to win the $250,000 Hall of Fame Classic at Pinehurst, N.C., by one stroke. His 277 was seven under par.

SHELLEY HAMLIN shot a final-round four-under-par 69 for a 208 total, one stroke better than runner-up Kathy Whitworth, in the $75,000 Patty Berg LPGA Classic in St. Paul.

HARNESS RACING—SPEEDY SOMOLLI ($4.40), driven by Howard Beissinger, won the $233,594 Yonkers Trot, the first leg of trotting's Triple Crown, by two lengths over Doublemint in 1:59⅗.

HORSE RACING—GENERAL ASSEMBLY ($2.60), ridden by Darrel McHargue, won the $81,000 Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga by 6¼ lengths over Exuberant. The 2-year-old son of Secretariat covered 6½ furlongs in 1:16⅘.

MEDLEY GLASS ($8.60), a 3-year-old filly with Jerry Nicodemus up, won the $674,004 All-American Quarter Horse Derby at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. by a nose over Town Policy, the horse that reappeared after a mysterious disappearance (SI, Aug. 21, 1978). Medley Glass, timed in 21.78 for 440 yards, earned $288,847. Town Policy, $120,419.

MOTOR SPORTS—CALE YARBOROUGH, driving an Oldsmobile, averaged 88.628 mph on the Bristol (Tenn.) International Raceway track to win the $82,530 Volunteer 500 for the third straight year.

MARIO ANDRETTI took a 12-point lead in the World Driver Championship standings over Swedish teammate Ronnie Peterson when he won the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort (*page 22*).

DON VESCO of El Cajon, Calif. broke his own world land-speed record for motorcycles when he crossed the Bonneville Salt Flats at an average speed of 314.355 mph, almost 11 mph faster than the mark he set in 1975.

SOCCER—NASL. Before a record Soccer Bowl crowd of 74,901 in Giants Stadium at East Rutherford, N.J., the Cosmos defeated the Tampa Bay Rowdies 3–1 to take their second straight NASL title (*page 18*). Dennis Tueart scored two goals for the Cosmos, and Giorgio Chinaglia one. The Cosmos advanced to the championship game by defeating the Portland Timbers 5–0 in the second and deciding game of the National Conference finals. Tueart had one goal and two assists and Goalkeeper Jack Brand registered his sixth career playoff shutout. Tampa Bay, which lost the first game of the American Conference finals, earned a berth by defeating Fort Lauderdale 3–1 in Tampa and, after a scoreless 30-minute minigame, winning a shootout. Rodney Marsh fired the decisive shot past Goalkeeper Ian Turner on the 10th kick of the shootout.

ASL. Jim Rolland scored several important goals for the Los Angeles Skyhawks this season, but none more so than his last. His goal in the final game of the season gave Los Angeles a 1–0 victory over Sacramento and clinched the Western Division title and a first-round playoff bye for the Skyhawks. Second-place California will play third-place Southern California in a one-game elimination for the right to face Los Angeles. Rolland offset a late spree by Jose Neto of New Jersey and won the league scoring title with 44 points. Neto scored five goals and had two assists as New Jersey eliminated the New York Eagles from playoff consideration with a sweep of a home-and-home series. He had a hat trick and an assist as the Americans won at home 5–1, then scored twice more and had another assist as New Jersey defeated the Eagles 6–1 and clinched second place behind the Eastern champion, New York Apollo. The Americans will host the third-place Indy Daredevils in the first round of the Eastern Division playoffs. Earlier, the Apollo defeated Connecticut 6–0. Mike Mancini scored his 17th goal, which tied him with Nero and Rolland for the league goal-scoring lead.

SWIMMING—TRACY CAULKINS set two world records, tied another and altogether won five gold medals at the World Aquatic Championships in West Berlin (*page 26*). She set records in the 200-meter individual medley (2:14.07) and the 400-meter individual medley (4:40.83). Others who swam to world records for the U.S. were LINDA JEZEK, 200-meter backstroke (2:11.93); CYNTHIA WOODHEAD, 200-meter freestyle (1:58.53); JESSE VASSALLO, men's 400-meter individual medley (4:20.05); the women's 400-meter relay team (3:43.43); the men's 400-meter relay team (3:19.74); the men's 800-meter relay team (7:20.82).

TENNIS—WTT. The best-of-five championship series, which begins after a break for the U.S. Open, could not be more evenly matched. Not only will the Boston Lobsters and Los Angeles Strings face each other for the title, but Boston's Martina Navratilova, the league's top singles player, and the Strings' Chris Evert, who had the second-best singles record in the league, will renew their rivalry. The Lobsters advanced to the finals with a two-game sweep of the Seattle Cascades, while Los Angeles beat defending champion New York, also in two straight. Boston had to win in overtime to defeat Seattle 30–27 in the opening match. The second match was a bit easier, with Navratilova and Tony Roche starring in a 27–22 victory. In the other semifinal, Evert was overpowering for the Strings against the Appies, who were seeking their third straight championship. She took just 14 minutes to beat JoAnne Russell 6–0, then teamed with Anne Kiyomura to beat Russell and Billie Jean King 6–2 in doubles as the Strings won the opener 28–20. Player-coach Ilie Nastase, who lost to Vitas Gerulaitis 6–3 in men's singles, was ejected from the match for using foul language and making obscene hand gestures despite two warnings from Referee Ken Farrar. The Strings won the clincher at home 26–16, with Evert defeating Russell 6–2 in singles and Nastase teaming with Kiyomura for a 6–0 victory over Ray Ruffels and King.

VOLLEYBALL—El Paso-Juarez won three straight at home and clinched the International Volleyball Association's final playoff berth. Tucson, Santa Barbara and Orange County also qualified for the playoffs.

MILEPOSTS—TRADED: By the Baltimore Colts, Running Back LYDELL MITCHELL, 29, to the San Diego Chargers, for Running Back JOE WASHINGTON, 24, and a future draft choice. Mitchell, who has rushed for more than 4,000 yards in three consecutive seasons, had been in a contract dispute with the Colts.

CREDITS

6—Anthony Donna. 18,19—Manny Millan. 20,21—George Tiedmann. 35—Barry Stavar (top); Lynn Pelham. 49,63—drawings by Sandy Hulfaker. 64—Tom Williamson. 66—Jarry Cabluck. 72,76—Eric Schweikardt. 70—Tom Williamson. 103—Richard Pipes (2).

FACES IN THE CROWD





MIKE FLORES
HOUSTON

MARC SPRAGUE
PORTLAND, ORE.

Mike, a 13-year-old eighth-grader at Seton Catholic Junior High, and Marc, a 14-year-old freshman at Madison High, won their third and fourth consecutive titles, respectively, at the recently completed World Schoolboy Wrestling Championships in Albuquerque. Mike, the Grand National freestyle champion, won all three of his bouts by pin to win the 70.5-pound title. Marc, the Western National freestyle titlist, pinned Chris Manhire of Canada in the finals to win the 99-pound title.



KENYA FINCH
FOREST PARK, GA.

Kenya, a 15-year-old sophomore at Forest Park High, led the East Point Voletles softball team to an *undefeated record* and the national girls' (13 to 15) slow-pitch tournament title in York, Pa. In six games she hit .500, with four home runs.



CARRIE DUCKWORTH
INDIANAPOLIS

Carrie, 14, a freshman at Franklin Central High School, won the girls' weight-lifting division at the National Explorer Olympics in Fort Collins, Colo. The events included the military lift, the bench press, the leg press and pull-ups.



DWAYNE HALL
PHOENIX

At the AAU Region X Junior Olympic meet in Boise, Idaho, Dwayne won the 10-to-11 age group 100-yard dash (11.5) and the 220 (26.4), and anchored the winning 440 relay team. He is unbeaten this year in AAU meets.



JULIE JANKE
WINLOCK, WASH.

Julie, a 14-year-old freshman at Mt. St. Helen's High School, defeated 12 competitors to win the women's World Logrolling Championship in Hayward, Wis. She won three matches, defeating Missy Saykily of Escanaba, Mich., in the finals.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BRUTALITY (CONT.)

Sir:

Punishment Is a Crime, Part 2 of your series on brutality in football (Aug. 14 *et seq*), is a shockingly revealing compendium of bad sportsmanship. I think this article will go a long way toward alerting the average fan to the problems of modern-day football.

However, John Underwood goes too far in placing the blame for such practices solely on the shoulders of coaches. Some of his phrases—"probably as honorable and caring as most," "reluctance to face reality," "fearful of change," "would a 30-yard penalty make a coach more conscious of bis humanity?"—make coaches appear to be violence-loving, bloodthirsty hoodlums who are devouring our nation's young sportsmen.

I am a coach and I will not deny that some coaches fit the stereotype Underwood describes. But he almost totally disregards the attitudes and situations that contribute to the development of this type of coach. Underwood briefly mentions the pressure to win, and that is indeed a factor in the teaching of brutal techniques. However, he ignores the fact that many of our coaches are not properly trained or subsidized to handle their enormous responsibilities. I shudder to think how many practices I teach that are incorrect or unnecessarily violent not because I am "fearful of change," but because I lack sufficient finances and time and the patience of my employers to learn.

JERRY W. METZLER
Lindsay, Texas

Sir:

While Tom Landry calls for "a penalty for every blow to a player's head," he apparently condones the actions of his assistant, Mike Ditka, in teaching players to hit an opponent in the chest with their helmets and then bring both arms up and, with both fists, hit the man in the groin.

While John Madden calls for special rules to protect the quarterback, he condones the actions of George Atkinson and Jack Tatum and the rest of his team.

Sure, the coaches are to blame, but it's always "the other coach, not me."

PAUL J. MAGUIRE
Melrose, Mass.

Sir:

I am all for taking cheap shots out of football. But until the people who play the game—the healthy ones, not the injured—say, "Wait! This is crazy!" brutality is not going to stop. No action will be taken until players are willing to quit the game. As long as the players continue to accept brutality, football will condone it.

SCOTT ERICKSON
Fresno, Calif.

Sir:

If Gene Calhoun, the lawyer, Big Ten referee and "voice in the wilderness," needs a "30-second bulletin: FROM NOW ON, NO LATE HITS" to help clear up the excessive violence in football, then he should check his mailbox for possible theft. It sounds to me as though somebody is pinching his rule books.

I don't understand why he needs a direc-



tive to tell him that he should call holding every time he sees it, or that he should call hits out of bounds or extra hits on a fallen quarterback. The next time Calhoun sees holding, regardless of intent, field position or possible criticism from coaches or sportswriters, he should throw his flag

HARRY DEL GRANDE
Greenbrae, Calif.

Sir:

You want players and coaches to regain their respect for officials? You want the number of unsportsmanlike acts reduced? Then how about making the penalty for such infractions one point instead of a measly 15 yards? That would surely bring about some changes—and fast.

JON B. CHERNAK
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

Although I haven't finished reading John Underwood's series, I'm surprised and somewhat saddened that he has as yet placed no blame on the fans' shoulders. Those who control the game are going to mold it into whatever makes the most bucks. Fans pay to see and experience a vicarious pleasure in football's violence, or so the controlling interests seem to think. I admit I enjoy watching a pulling guard blast a cornerback off his feet, but watching quarterbacks being crippled is nothing short of sickening. The fastest way to get rules changed would be a lobbying effort by the fans themselves.

I hold little hope for any such movement, but thanks to John Underwood for bringing the injury statistics to our attention.

CHARLIE HENLEY
Richmond

Sir:

It's hard to determine who the chief villains are: the coaches who resist change, the rules committees who fear what change would do to the game, helmet manufacturers who produce the piece of equipment involved in so many of the game's serious injuries and deaths, or the lawyers.

Apparently some would say the lawyers. After all, they "smell blood." They are filing suits. One young paraplegic's lawyers got a fee of $1 million. Liability insurance for schools is skyrocketing. Instead of ambulance chasers there are now "jock chasers."

Give the lawyers a break. While others talk about the problems of sports injuries, only lawyers are accomplishing anything. So what if there was a million-dollar fee? It was most likely a contingency fee—*i.e.*, if the case had been lost, the lawyer would have gotten no fee. Could the young man who recovered the other $2 million have afforded the fees if the case had not been won? Where is the sympathy for Attorney Ron Mix, who lost the four-month-long civil jury trial? If a cure for crippling injuries is found, does anyone care how much money the inventor earns for his work? Apparently, only if the inventor happens to be an attorney.

TERRY NOFFSINGER
Evansville, Ind.

Sir:

I commend SI for taking responsibility for airing the problems besieging football through the excellent series on brutality. Now, who else will accept responsibility and take action? Will the fans boycott football until it again becomes a sport in the true sense? Will coaches and players mend their ways? Will the governing bodies of the game revise the rules?

I am afraid that what is happening in football parallels what is happening in our society: too few are willing to take responsibility. If so, a great national sport will eventually self-destruct.

MARGARET BROWNING
San Diego

Sir:

It is my firm opinion that this article is the finest thing you have done. It is rare for a magazine to take so responsible a position. It is to be expected that vested interests will assail you from many directions. However, your

continued

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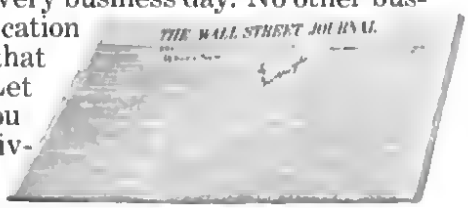
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Tucson

BILL WALTON

Sir:

Thank you for your informative article on the Bill Walton dispute (*Off on a Wronged Foot*, Aug. 21). It helped to clear up at least a little of the controversy. It is great to know that there is still one basketball player willing to stick up for his beliefs. The abuse of drugs in professional sports is getting completely out of hand, and it must stop somewhere. Maybe Walton's campaign against the use of pain-killers in professional basketball will be in vain, but I'm sure he will give it his all.

TOM LONG
Altoona, Pa.

Sir:

Bill Walton has not been sound physically since he left high school. To blame one of a series of joint and foot injuries on an allegedly improper application of pain-modifying drugs seems to be unjustified. One must also consider the length of the NBA season and the frequency with which teams play. Unfortunately, these factors have combined to truncate a great athlete's career.

KEVIN EMBREE
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

As a basketball fan and as an orthopedic surgeon, I was appalled at the type of medical care afforded Bill Walton and Bob Gross for their injuries. I had no idea that an orthopedist would resort to the use of repeated Xylocaine injections (particularly three injections in a single game), or the use of corticosteroids such as Decadron in an effort to keep a professional athlete competitive.

There can be no question that the use of drugs such as Decadron predisposes to softening of the bones about the foot and ankle and subsequent fracture. There can be no question that the injections of Xylocaine, even if not directly into the area of the subsequent fracture, predispose to excessive stress on the foot and ankle by removing the protective control of pain.

A doctor's responsibility is to the ultimate welfare of his patient, not only on the short term but also after the termination of his playing career. It should certainly not be directed primarily toward the team's won-lost record.

KEVIN D. HARRINGTON, M.D.
San Francisco

Sir:

You stated that no one had to tell Bill Walton that "even if all the players were in perfect health but him, the Blazers would go nowhere in the playoffs." I can almost guarantee you that no one would tell him such a thing. I work in a very busy barbershop with Blazer fans coming and going all day.

continued



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long. It was the opinion of everyone who came in that if there hadn't been so many injuries to other players on the team, Portland would have had the championship, regardless of Walton's injuries.

Also, according to my customers, there are no more Walton fans in Portland. You neglected to mention that when the Blazers offered to refund season tickets, seven were turned in while 200 people wrote letters asking to buy them.

JACKIE TRICKEL
Portland, Ore.

INJURED PITCHERS

Sir:

Hearty congratulations to Ron Fimrite for his compelling article on sore arms (*Stress, Strain and Pain*, Aug. 14). People too often fail to realize how fragile a major league pitcher's career is. Less than two years ago, at the age of 15, I suffered a shoulder injury that I have since self-diagnosed as similar to that of Steve Busby's torn rotator cuff. After years of dominating opponents three or more years older than myself, I was reduced to something less than a mediocre pitcher. Perhaps because I had other interests (academic), I did not have the determination and self-discipline necessary for total recuperation—the agonizing pain didn't help, either—and I have since resigned myself to doing no more than playing catch with my kid brother. It makes me appreciate what these major leaguers must go through.

AVRAM NEMETZ
Whitestone, N.Y.

Sir:

Ron Fimrite implies that Smokey Joe Wood's career came to a pathetic end after an injury in 1913. He fails to mention that, after the injury and despite great pain, Wood posted a respectable 33–13 record during the next three seasons and led the American League with a 1.49 ERA in 1915.

Fimrite states that Wood returned as a utility man in 1917, going hitless in 10 games. Wood *pitched* in five games with Cleveland that season, and in the war year of 1918 was given a chance to make the Indians as an outfielder through the intercession of his ex-Red Sox roommate, Tris Speaker. Always a decent hitter (.290 in his miraculous 1912 season), Smokey Joe hit .296 in 119 games. Over the next four years he played in 341 games as a semi-regular, was on Cleveland's 1920 World Series championship team and had averages of .366 in 1921 and .297 in 1922.

Though the Indians would gladly have included him on their 1923 roster, Wood accepted the position of baseball coach at Yale, where he remained until 1942—hardly the tragic figure Fimrite suggests he was.

FRANK C. CIPPARONE
Philadelphia

Sir:

In early May of this year I met and talked with Smokey Joe Wood. Smokey Joe will be 89 this October and he's still chipper. He fell off a ladder at his home and again hurt his right arm and shoulder. He had a tough time of it for a while in the hospital, but he's home now cheering on the 1978 Red Sox.

ROBERT M. GARGUILO
West Haven, Conn.

WILHELM AT BAT

Sir:

The item in SCORECARD (Aug. 14) regarding Hoyt Wilhelm fails to mention another of his feats. In his first major league at bat he hit a homer—and never hit another in 21 years.

JOSEPH MALIK
Berwyn, Ill.

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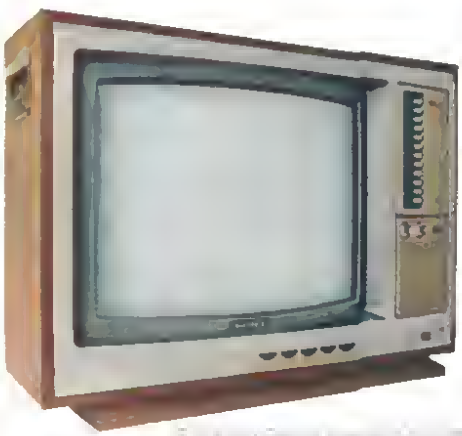
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